

WAR & CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

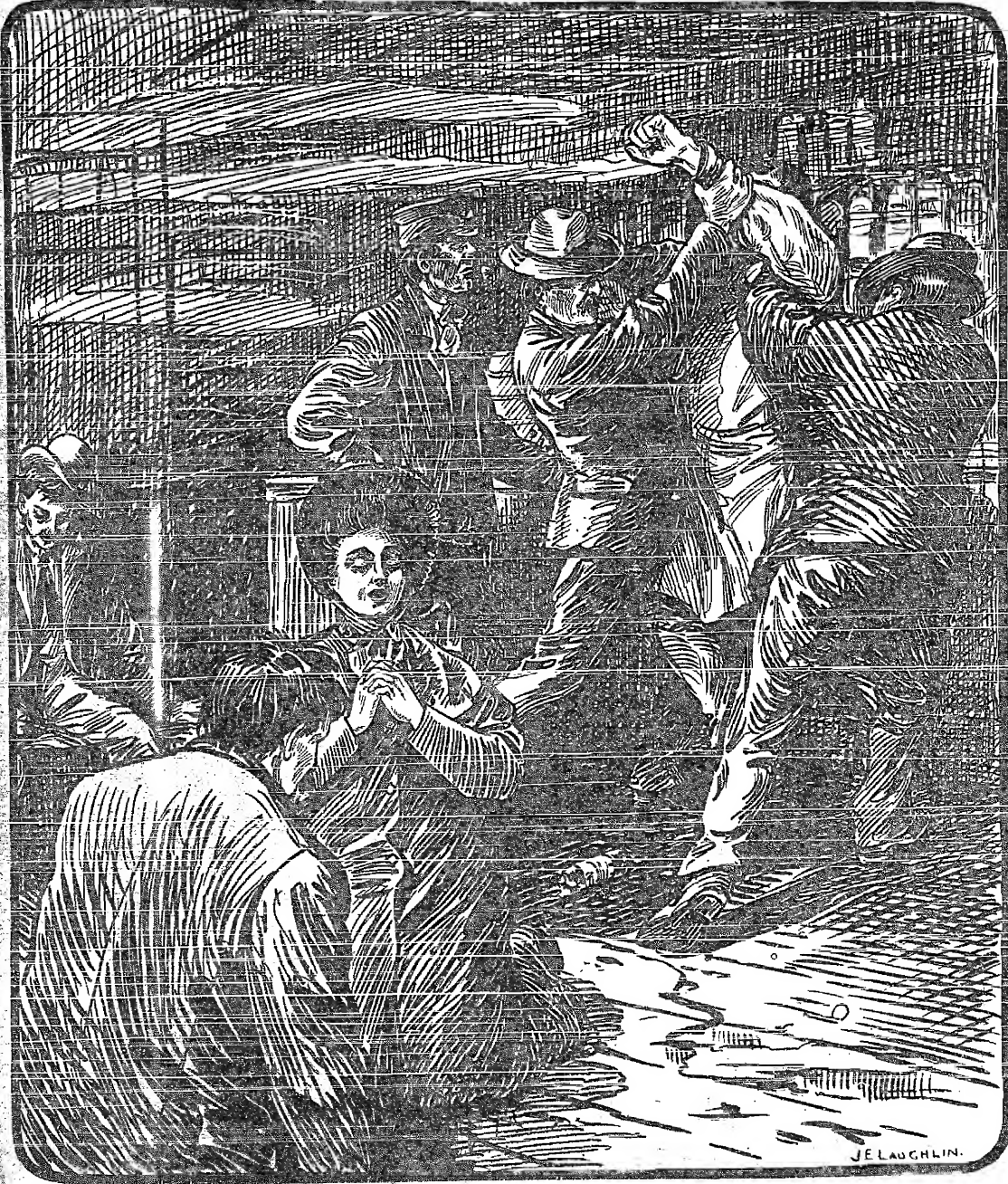
22nd Year. No. 24.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1906.

THOMAS H. COOMBS,
Commodore.

Price 2 Cents.



IN A DAKOTA "BLIND FIG."

(See Story on page 4.)

THE WAR CRY.

ARROWS

FROM THE GENERAL'S QUIVER.

"We are all agreed that salvation from sin is most desirable."

"If the Bible does not teach hell it does not teach anything at all."

"We are all agreed that we ought to be saved from the domination of sin."

"The man or woman professing to be saved, has the honor of God in their keeping."

"The end for which the Christian religion was instituted was to get sin out of the world."

"A state of grace cannot be reached in this life from which it is impossible for a man to fall into sin and hell."

"Can't you go a little further and say that the Holy Spirit can save you root and branch—altogether from all sin?"

"If your sins have been washed away they have been washed out of God's book; but if not, we have fixed before the platform an altar at which you can come and confess your sins to God."

"What are you to do, if conscious that you are not a slave of fire, and you want to be one? Come to God. Tell Him that you would rather be a slave of fire than anything else. Acknowledge your unfaithfulness—cast yourself upon Him!"

"It is a great salvation, in view of the wisdom that conceived this plan for keeping you out of hell and bringing you into heaven—great in view of the price that was paid for it. We value things on earth—and I suppose we are not far wrong in our custom—according to the price we have to pay for them. To purchase your salvation it cost the life-blood of the Son of God."

One Man's Influence.

One of the Commissioner's Converts Going Full Steam Ahead.

A young man who was led to Christ in one of the Commissioner's meetings has since been doing a good work wherever he has gone. Up in the lumber camp he had many opportunities of proclaiming Christ's salvation, and can rejoice over souls won through personal effort.

"It was a hard thing to kneel down and pray before all the lumber jacks," he said, "but it placed me at once in a right position. They all knew then what I was, and it helped me to speak to them about their souls."

"Can you tell us of any who were saved while you were amongst them?" we asked.

"Oh, yes; in the first meeting I held in the camp a young man from England took his stand with me. He was from the Congress Hall, and my little meeting encouraged him to come out boldly on the Master's side. Then there was a cowboy, whose ideal men were the villains who figure in the detective and Wild West stories. One day as I was talking to him and urging him to seek Christ, who was an ideal man and pattern for us all, a lumberman came up and struck me on the head. I said, 'God bless you, Jack,' and they both went out of the shanty. In the evening the cowboy returned, and with a softened heart said that he had settled the matter in the woods, and was going to serve God. Then one day as I was walking along the lake shore I met a backwoodsman. I was wearing an Army pin and it attracted his notice. He asked what society I belonged to, and when I said, 'Salvation Army,' he wanted to know something about it. This gave me a chance to speak to him concerning Jesus. He thought that no one ought to talk on religious matters

to another man unless he were a properly ordained minister. I said that the way the Gospel was spread was by one disciple of Jesus going out and making another one, and so on. He was quite convinced at last, and he knelt on the railway track while he prayed that God would forgive him."

Our comrade is still as zealous as ever, and writes as follows:

"Once more I feel like telling you of God's goodness to me. On Sunday I took a convert with me and we visited the prison. Only privileged prisoners are allowed into the court room to hear the Army, so when I went there were only two men they could trust outside the cells. I asked permission to talk to them in the cells, but they said I could only talk through the wicket. I persisted, however, and gained my point and talked to them in the close stuffy cell from the 23rd Psalm. The convert got on fine, but I thought I was going to faint. I went to one man and asked him if he would take Jesus into his heart, and, glory to God, he went on his knees and asked pardon. The rest of the men seemed deeply affected, and sung, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.' In one of the cells I found an old mate of mine, who was passing out of this world. As I saw the great change in him I almost broke down. I spoke to him about his soul, and he told me he was thinking a great deal and he knew his time was short, and he would like to cross the river knowing he was right with God. The next man I spoke to was an ex-soldier, from Blackfriars Shelter, and he expressed a desire to take his old place again."

May we all endeavor to arouse such feelings and thoughts in the unsaved as will lead to their salvation.

Feeling or Knowing.

A very common expression which we often hear in the Army is, "I feel led to do it."

Mere feelings on the subject of duty, however, are very illusory, and if we only did certain things when we felt like it we should be apt to do God's work by fits and starts. A conscious knowledge of our duty should be sought for, and then the power to perform it. The will of God concerning us may be ascertained by certain means. Those who use the means provided will certainly be guided aright, but those who depend merely on feelings or impressions, are liable to fall into great delusions. What George Mueller said upon this subject is worth thinking about:

"I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter."

"Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simple impression. If I do so I make myself liable to great delusions."

"I seek the will of the Spirit of God through and in connection with the Word of God. The Spirit and the Word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the Word, I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all, He will do it according to the Scriptures, and never contrary to them."

"Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with His Word and Spirit."

"I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright. Thus, through prayer to God, the study of His Word, and reflection, I come to deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly."

DYING NECESSARY.

"Do settle in your minds that without a dying, a real, a complete and eternal separation between your old self and the new self, which means to live and die for others, you cannot be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, or a real benefactor of your race."—Mrs. General Booth.

Conscience Money.

The public exchequer often receives sums of money which have to be entered under the above heading. A lady in the States recently sent a one-cent stamp to the President to make up for having put insufficient postage on a letter. It was probably more of a joke than anything else, but it is not fun to many who feel forced to make restitution to the public for frauds in the past.

In some cases it costs the conscience-stricken person many hundreds of dollars before they feel satisfied that they have done the right thing.

In one case that occurred recently the Salvation Army got the benefit of the contribution to the Conscience Fund. The Collector of Customs at Rochester, N.Y., received a letter telling of some smuggled printing matter several years ago. A sum of money was enclosed to pay the duty, and the letter went on to say that if the articles described were not dutiable the money should be turned over to the Salvation Army. The letter was signed "One who desires to get right with God."

Judging from the description given of the articles in question, the Customs Collector decided that they were not liable to duty, and so

Gave the Money to the Army.

Though it is possible to quiet the qualms of conscience in this manner, and is, in fact, a perfectly right thing to do, yet there is one great debt we can never repay. Fabulous wealth, oceans of tears, or life-long penances would never avail to blot out our transgressions or to cleanse our hearts from sin, but we are glad to say that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin."

When a sinner is convinced of his guilt, and sees the extent of the damage he has done, not only in doing actual and outward wrong, but in exerting a painful moral influence over those he has lived with, he falls down before God and confesses that he has nothing to pay. He may be able to clear off a few money debts, but how can he possibly make restitution for the far-reaching effect of his sinful life upon others. All he can do is to seek forgiveness, and then devote his life to the service of God and strive to lead others to the paths of righteousness.

He Has Nothing to Pay.

He cannot undo the past, he could never hope to merit salvation if he attempted to do so—he must claim forgiveness and become the willing servant of the One Who has power to forgive all manner of sin and blasphemy.

We do not say that a man need not pay his debts because God forgives his sins—in fact, a condition of forgiveness is that the wicked restore the pledge and give again that he had robbed. What we want to point out, however, is that salvation is from the Lord, and beyond fulfilling the conditions we must put in our claim for forgiveness and obtain the witness of the spirit that the pardon is granted.

A Great Business.

From a corps in the Northwest the following interesting news is to hand:

"Some of these cases this week were specially interesting. Two dear Galicians, a man and a woman, two Indians from the Sioux Reserve near Griswold, and one poor man who had fallen low through drink. The latter had got into serious trouble, and was carrying round a bottle of poison intending to end his misery. His sadness vanished like snow in a Chinook wind, and he writes from Winnipeg, where he went to make matters right, in a hopeful and happy strain."

"Who would not be in such a business as that? You who are not fully consecrated to God, sell out and come and join our company. God wants you to help in making the lives of others bright and happy, and what better chance can you have than at the battle's front?"

ORILL

THE CENTRE ONTARIO

SITUATED in one of the most beautiful portions of Ontario, the town of Orillia offers many advantages by reason of its location. Then the citizenry of the town into promenade and surrounding splendid park testifies. The proximity of Lake Couchiching adds its charm to attract visitors in summer.

Private enterprise has done much to develop industries, as may be seen in the splendid factories of the well-known Tudhope Carriage Works, the Dominion Iron Wheel Factory, the World's Furniture Manufacturing Co., Lock Works, Tannery, Saw and Planing Mills, and several other industries. The town has done much to encourage industries by the erection of an electric plant. About twenty miles distant the town has built a dam, and now develops, by the aid of water power furnished by the dam, some 1,600 horse power. The electric 3,000 volts, transmitted reduced in town again, moment the plant, 7,500 incandescent lights, and about 50 facturing purposes, low, being \$16 net flat rate of 20c. for places of business power. No wonder that the town is up at night. Yet in



Power Dam

ORILLIA,

THE CENTRE OF THE NEW
ONTARIO DIVISION.

SITUATED in one of the most picturesque portions of Ontario, Orillia has many advantages by reason of its natural location. Then the citizens are striving to bring their town into prominence by beautifying the town and surroundings, to which the splendid park testifies. The proximity of Lake Couchiching adds its charm to attract visitors in summer.

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power. The electric power is generated at 3,000 volts, transmitted at 20,000 volts, and reduced in town again to 2,000 volts. At this moment the plant supplies the current for 7,500 incandescent lights (16 c.p.) and 50 arc lights, and about 500 horse-power for manufacturing purposes. The charges are very low, being \$16 net for motive power and a flat rate of 20c. for residences and 28c. for places of business per 16 c.p. light per month. No wonder that the houses are mostly well lit up at night. Yet in spite of this low rate the

proceeds are \$30,000 per annum, giving a handsome return for the investment of a quarter of a million dollars.

The Salvation Army invaded Orillia early, it being the 42nd corps of Canada, and it has seen many changes, both of property and hardship. The building we occupy is our own, and is built on a somewhat unique plan. Besides a nice and fairly large hall, it contains an officers' quarters and a junior hall. The latter requires some repairs or alterations very urgently.

In May, 1905, Orillia became the Divisional Centre of the newly-formed New Ontario Division, with Brigadier and Mrs. Collier in command, assisted by a Cashier, in the person of Capt. Peacock.

At that time the local corps was probably in its worst condition, only a few soldiers being available, and many times the officers had to go alone to the open-air.

Gradually the corps has picked up. A few Salvationists who came from England to this country found employment in town and swelled our ranks. Bros. Bench and Tuck, two old soldiers of Lisgar St., Toronto, also moved to Orillia to take positions in the newly-organized lock factory, and were valuable additions to

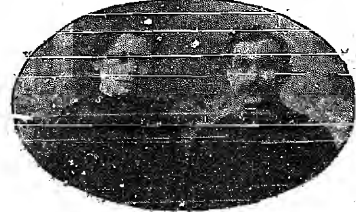
the local force. A few new converts also became soldiers, and to-day the local troops are hopeful, prospects are brighter, and the general influence and standing of the Army has been bettered.

Two faithful old stand-bys are War Cry Sergeant and Mrs. James. The War Cry has no more enthusiastic boomer than Brother James. In his testimony he said, "I have lived on bitters for twenty-six years, but now I taste the sweets of Jesus' love."

Orillia corps has a brass band, which,

under the direction of Bandmaster Fairhurst, is coming on nicely. Brigadier Collier's oldest son, Bramwell, is a bandsman, and an able one at that.

Capt. Peacock, the Divisional Cashier and general factotum, has taken a special interest in the junior work, which shows a healthy growth.



Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott, Orillia.

Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott have been in command of this corps since November, and are hopeful. Both are tried officers, who are working themselves into the hearts of the people. Mrs. Hoddinott was well-known before her marriage as Captain Hollett. Two children, Grace and Victor, comprise their family.

The recent mild winter has not been without its special benefit to Orillia. Owing to the failure of the ice crop on the lakes a Buffalo firm has erected sheds and started with a force of three hundred men to cut ice on Lake Couchiching, where it had formed

clear and in great thickness. The employment of such a force of men, of course, means a brisk trade for the town, as well as a busy time for the railroad.

The C.P.R. shortly expects to enter Orillia with its line, which connects their new wharves and elevators at Victoria Harbor, near Midland, with Port Hope, which

would considerably shorten the C.P.R. grain route, which now lies via Owen Sound.

Let us hope that the Army's move in the right direction will continue in speed and volume until Orillia corps shall set the pace to the corps of the New Ontario Division.

LIEUT.-COLONEL UNSWORTH'S
FAREWELL.

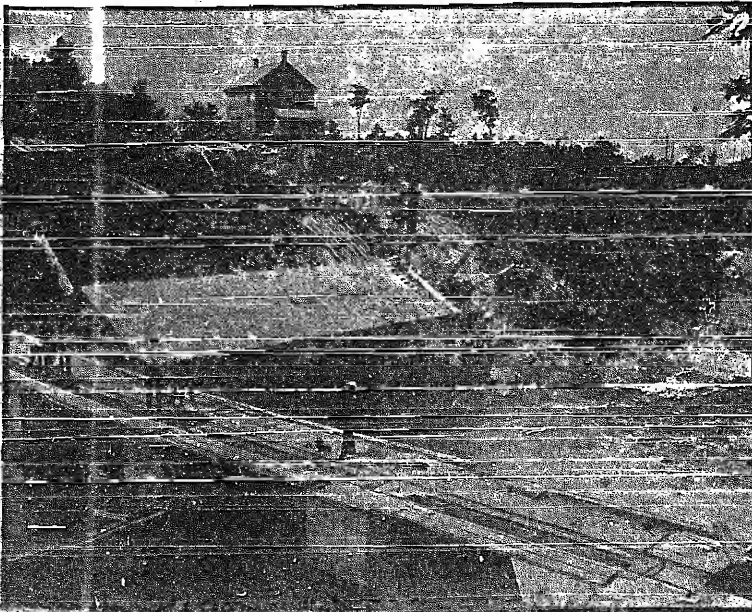
Lieut.-Colonel Isaac Unsworth, who, with his motherless family, is expected to reach England within the next few days, had a cordial send-off from Melbourne.

The Sunday's good-bye meetings were conducted by Australia's Chief Secretary, Colonel Hoskin, in the City Temple. Many of Colonel Unsworth's old comrades, who have learned to appreciate his work in Australia, came to wish him God-speed, and there were seven seekers at the mercy seat.

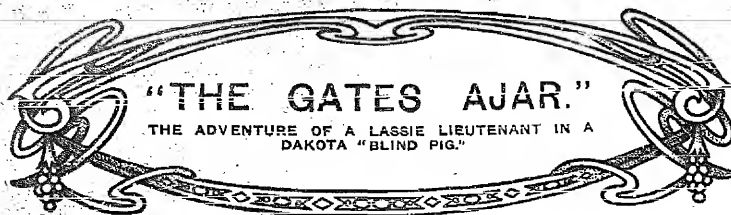
THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE.

Dr. J. F. Carson has a message for the penitent. God's mercy is like the tireless patience of the sea. The children dig deep wounds in the sand with their spades, leaving scars on the golden surface. Then quietly the old sea turns, and every trace of scar is obliterated, and the shining surface of the sand is as smooth as ever. Day after day the scene is repeated, and the sea is never tired of putting things to rights. . . . It is an emblem of the everlasting God who fainteth not, neither is weary.—John F. Cowan.

It is through a valley of tears that many reach the similes of Paradise.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. COLLIER,
Commanding New Ontario Division.

Power Dam Built by the Town of Orillia, Ont., to Supply Power and Light at Small Cost.



By Mrs. Adjutant Thorildson.

About three years ago, while stationed as Lieutenant in North Dakota, I started early one Saturday morning with my bundle of War Crys. I had almost finished by "beat," and had just two Crys left when, on leaving the station, an inspiration struck me to take another route. It was one of those beautiful, clear, crisp December mornings. Every visible object seemed dancing in the sunlight, and indeed I felt like dancing, too, for the Lord had so wonderfully blessed me that morning, in the selling of my Crys; and as I hastened on my way it gave me almost childish delight to watch the tiny ruffles of pure, sparkling snow, as they shot like glistening pearls before me.

In a few minutes I reached Vina Street, and was about to take a "short cut" to Main, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the heavy slamming of a door. Pausing for a moment to ascertain the direction from which this sound proceeded, my attention was further aroused by hearing repeated peals of coarse, angry laughter. Presently I noticed a door opening from the rear of what was reputed to be a most respectable place of business. A hand was clucking the knob, while the door swung fitfully to and fro. A moment later it was closed again with a bang.

Instinctively I felt that this must be nothing less than a "speak-easy," or what the Dakotans call a "blind pig," and immediately determined to go and see. So as fleetly as possible I hastened through the snow of the intervening commons. On reaching the spot I was quickly convinced from the co-mingling of angry voices from within that I was not mistaken in my conviction.

Gently turning the knob, I stepped within, shutting the door lightly after me; and, oh, what a woeful picture met my sight. Nearly a dozen men were huddled together in a dingy little den, of about twelve feet by ten. The floor was carpeted with a profusion of sawdust, waste paper and broken glass. The walls of old boards were unpainted and undecorated. The room was but dimly lighted, and the atmosphere was heavy with the odor of tobacco and whiskey.

Four or five men, with glasses of liquor in hand, were in the midst of a heated discussion with the bar-tender. Another, with much apparent difficulty, was trying to stand in a corner. Two others were lying soundly asleep on the sawdust, while another poor, deluded soul, with both hands stretched across the bar, was vainly endeavoring to steady himself. A look of utter hopelessness and despair was written on every feature of this poor man's face, and with all the consciousness still remaining, he was pleading for more whiskey.

The bar-tender was a tall, black-eyed, broad-shouldered, but wrecked-looking man of middle-age. And yet he carried with him a lingering air which bespoke of better days. His face was a picture of vice personified, but the swollen wound over his eye proved clearly enough that he suffered for his vice.

After standing for a few moments unnoticed, I stepped from the shadow of the door, and holding out my papers, I cried, "War Crys." Instantly, as though struck by some magic spell, the wine-glasses were lowered, while one, striking the bar, was shrivelled to pieces; and half a dozen bleared, crazed-looking eyes were turned upon me. Again I offered my Crys. Several hands were eagerly thrust into their pockets. The man clinging to the bar staggered towards me, and turning his pockets inside out explained how

he had always liked to buy the War Cry, but that the man behind the bar had taken his last dime for drink. Another, holding up a coin, called out, "Here's the last nickle I have on earth," and took the paper. In a few moments I found myself completely surrounded by the group, every one seemingly talking at the same time. Just here the man from the corner, known as Clarkton, joined us, and pushing his way through the group held out a silver dollar. I explained that the War Cry was only five cents, but throwing the money towards me, he explained, "Take it or that black devil behind the counter will get it!" I picked up the money, and looking toward the bar-tender I saw that his face was white with anger, and that his eyes were fixed upon me with an ominous glare. I felt a chill creeping over me. A moment later and the air was riven with a volley of terrible oaths, at the same time commanding me, under heavy threats, to instantly leave the place.

"This is a public place, is it not, sir?" I replied; "and as such I have a right to enter."

"If you were what you pretend to be," he replied, with another storm of oaths, "you would never have entered here in the first place."

"Where the drunkard is, sir," I answered, "there will I go to his rescue, even though it be to the brink of the eternal pit."

This reply was greeted with happy exclamations by the drunks. Two or three hats went into the air.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed one; "and didn't I tell ye afore, lads, that these here Army gals was always huntin' up, and a-tryin' ter save jest such drinkin' fellers as us?"

I was just turning to escape from the room when the man known as Clarkton, putting out his hand to detain me, said, "See here, missy, we've bought your papers, and paid you well for 'em; now we want a song, and a good one at that."

I stared at the man in anxious, yet dumb, amazement. For me to sing with that dangerous-looking bar-tender glaring so fiercely at me! Impossible! With a feeling akin to horror, I glanced appealingly again at the man, but he looked unmoved and determined to have me sing. The others were waiting in respectful silence, but to my astonishment, not a word of all the songs I knew would come to my mind, so clapping my hands I knelt in the sawdust, and with a silent prayer for help, I looked from my own weakness to God's almighty strength, and in an instant a song which I learned in my childhood sprang to my lips, and I began—

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing."

Here and there through the verse Clarkton joined me; and on its completion, addressing the men, he said, "See here, boys. I want ter tell youse that I'm not one of them kinder stuck-up fellers as is ashamed to kneel with the Salvation Army," and down he scrambled to his knees beside me. I started the chorus,

"Oh, depth of mercy, can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me. For me?
Was left ajar for me?"

in which he joined lustily. We were repeating the chorus when the bar-tender, evidently much exasperated, threw himself, with a bitter threat, over the bar, and would have landed beside us had not a couple of the men caught him before he reached the ground.

For a few moments a desperate struggle ensued. The words of the song seemed to freeze on my lips; I was powerless to move hand or foot. For a moment the poor drunk swayed uncertainly, but at last, with the assistance of Clarkton, they succeeded in shuffling him over the bar, telling him to stay where he belonged, adding further that they would fight for the Army lass at any cost. The bar-tender, though livid with rage, was cowed.

But during the skirmish, one of the men sleeping on the floor was struck on the head, and hurt. With terror depicted on every feature, he opened his eyes, and looking wildly around he cried, "Oh I thought I was in hell—in hell!" he repeated. His tone was so strangely mournful and desperate that it struck me to the heart, calling me instantly from myself and my fears. I hastily moved to his side.

"Yes, brother," I said, "this terrible den is surely a hell upon earth! But, remember there is a greater hell than this awaiting the drunkard who dies in his sins—a hell awful and eternal, where not even one single ray of hope ever reaches the never-dying soul. Brother," I continued, "do you hear me? Do you believe me, when I tell you that even now you are standing on the brink of this terrible pit?"

A look of dreadful concern stole over his countenance. The horror, too, of his waking thoughts was evidently with him. His features moved convulsively, and I felt that conviction had assuredly entered his soul. I ceased speaking and began again to sing, "There is a gate that stands ajar." I sang the verse and repeated the chorus several times.

Suddenly he sprang to his knees, and, looking steadily, solemnly, and soberly at me, said, "Tell me, oh, tell me, is that gate ajar for me?"

"Brother," I replied, taking a firm grip of his hand, for I perceived that he was exceedingly in earnest, "believe me, this gate, the gate of heaven, is open for you, and for every sinner in this room. Yes, it is open just now."

Then I told him of God's wondrous love towards poor sinners; of His power to save to the uttermost, and of His willingness to save just now. He bowed his head low to the ground. I then sang the second verse—

"That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation—
The rich, the poor, the great, and small
Of every tribe and nation."

"Sing it again," he abruptly cried.

After repeating it a couple of times I looked at him, and behold the big tears were trickling through his brawny fingers. He was sobbing like a child. With all the earnestness of my soul I prayed to God that this poor, contrite soul might receive the light, and the blessed assurance of his sins forgiven. I then asked him to pray for himself, and, oh, such a prayer I have rarely ever heard—so humble, so earnestly-beseeching, and withal so truly penitent. He seemed to enter so deeply and fully into the past with God, dwelling with unexpressed tenderness and remorse upon his desertion of his young and trusting wife and their infant child, telling God how that the baby voice had followed him wherever he went, so haunting his footsteps and maddening his brain that in desperation he plunged deeper and deeper into sin that he might drown his misery.

Our hearts were greatly touched by the pathos and simplicity of this earnest prayer, and sympathetic tears fell from the eyes of more than one of those hardened sinners there that day. Heaven seemed to come down into that haunt of vice, and I felt that we were indeed "standing on holy ground."

When we arose from our knees his face was literally shining with the glorious light of victory. Stepping forward he grasped the good companions by the hand, bidding them good-bye, telling them how wondrously God had saved his soul, and admonishing them to turn from the paths of sin and enter the gate of mercy, ere it be for ever too late.—Mrs. Adj. Thorildson.



An Important I

The Sad End of the Frenchman
Art of Hermetically Sealing C
neries are Everywhere in C
United States, and Supply
tion of the Food of the
World.

Sixty years ago, a very old man one—lay on his death-bed in France. He had long before spent the money awarded him by Napoleon for his method of preserving certain foodstuffs in their natural qualities. His tombstone in Pere La Chaise is inscribed: "Chevalier, in honor of their father of the canned goods could not look upon the development of the canning industry. He founded, he might have said, States and Canada and find can or Province. In Maine he was monopolizing the business of canning lobsters. In Massachusetts he had a baked-bean canning centre. In Indiana the greatest corn canneries. But more, the 'cradle of the canning industry,' he would have the principal pineapple and oyster canneries; and in Maryland twenty-five per cent. of all the canneries in the United States giving this State first place in the industry. In Florida the people would show him the canning of turtle meat; in Mississippi and Texas the canning of green peas. California would dazzle him with her marvelous canned fruits; and in Ontario tomatoes are tinned in great quantities. All these things, and many more, are so wonderful, would he see during his tour, from the canning of dandelions and mince-meat for pies in New York, to the great 'salmon pack' on the Pacific Coast.

The principal articles canned in North America are these, in order named: tomatoes, corn, peas, oysters, canned beef, salmon, sardines, peaches, pears, apples, pines, and pumpkins. Small fruits, and a pumpkin. A train of 60,000 freight cars would be needed of a year's produce had to be moved as a whole. The canneries are of great importance to the industry. In 1900, the value of 2,000,000 boxes of small fruits, the industry, by packing boxes, to the paper art by using a label on every one than 750,000,500 cans, representing over \$1,000,000,000 worth of produce. The value of this industry, and tries upon which it draws for development of the canned goods great changes in the relation. Most of the other garden vegetables, and all kinds of fruits are to be had at all times of the year, with all the flavor of the article, but yet with much of the cost and labor. The producer is able to give an enormous extension to the consumer, both in city and with cheap, wholesome food.

Many canneries divide the parts—canning fruits and vegetables, and fish and oysters. Nearly sixty thousand persons are employed in the canning industry, in which fruit and oysters are the products, the trusted in every fruit and vegetable. The total value of the produce is \$1,000,000,000. The value of exports of canned goods amounted to \$1,000,000,000 of vegetables \$1,000,000,000—a total export trade in canned goods same car exceeded \$8,000,000. Vegetables and Fruit. The canning and preserving



An Important Industry.

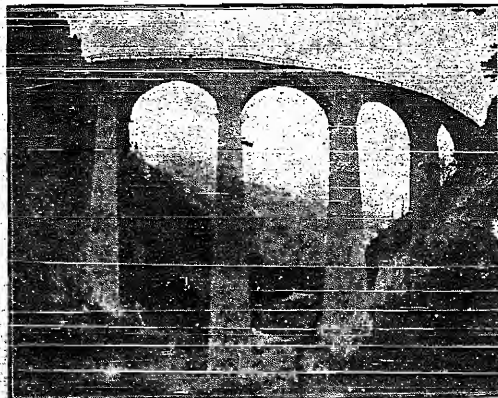
The Sad End of the Frenchman who Discovered the Art of Hermetically Sealing Food—To-Day Canneds are Everywhere in Canada and the United States, and Supply a Great Portion of the Food of the Civilized World.

Sixty years ago, a very old man—he was ninety-one—lay on his death-bed in Paris, neglected, alone. He had long before spent the last of 12,000 francs awarded him by Napoleon for the discovery of a method of preserving certain foods without robbing them of their natural qualities and juices. On his tombstone in Pere La Chaise is his name—Nicholas Appert. His male descendants to-day bear the title of Chevalier. In honor of their ancestor, who was the father of the canned goods industry. If Appert could not look upon the development of the industry he founded, he might travel through the United States and Canada and find canneries in each State or Province. In Maine he would find the people monopolizing the business of canning sardines and lobsters. In Massachusetts he would find the great baked-bean canning centre. In New York he would find the greatest corn canneries in the world. In

ables gives employment to more women than men—the numbers being 20,000 women and 14,000 men. But it is only a matter of a year or two before these numbers will be reversed; for the introduction of new machinery is rapidly doing away with hand work. Between three and four thousand children are employed under the hand work system. These are, of course, averages for a year; for the number of hands is greater or smaller according to the season. In February, 1902, in all the fruit and vegetable canneries, the total number of persons employed did not exceed 5,000. But in September, when the canning season was at its height, nearly 12,000 were engaged. In August about 100,000 were employed, out in October the number had dwindled to less than 70,000. Before the opening of the canning season the operatives are usually employed in making cans, and after the season in labelling and packing. The canneries have been undoubtedly of vast advantage to farmers, for they purchase enormous quantities of farm products, thus stimulating the culture of fruits and vegetables.

SMELLING FOR A LIVING.

There are several trades which provide men and women with a good living simply because they enjoy an exceptionally keen sense of smell. Scent-makers, for example, need someone with a



Railway Viaduct, near Fillsur, Switzerland.

very delicate sense of smell to aid them in mixing the ingredients of perfumes in the proper proportions. Queen Alexandra's favorite perfume—Violette—costs £10 per ounce-bottle, and it has to run the gauntlet of five professional "smellers" before it is passed as being correctly blended and ready for Her Majesty's use. Some of the leading firms of perfume-makers pay their "smellers" from £1 to £2 a week. Contractors for the lighting of streets, large public buildings, and pleasure-grounds very often engage "smellers" to find escapes of gas, one shilling being generally paid for each escape reported. Some of these men frequently made over £3 in a single week, the result being that in many cases the fee has been reduced to 9d. per escape reported.

The Water Rat.

If we wank along the bank of a stream or a pond, we shall probably hear a splash, and looking in its direction, may see a creature diving or swimming, which creature we call a water-rat; to the title of rat, however, it has but little right, and ought properly to be called the "water-vole."

On examining the banks we shall find the entrance to its domicile, being a hole in the earth, just above the water, and generally, where possible, made just under a root or a large stone. Sometimes the hole is made at some height above the water, and then it often happens that the kingfisher takes possession, and there makes its home. Whether it ejects the rat or not I cannot say, but I should think that it is quite capable of doing so. Many a time I have seen the entrance to a rat-hole decorated with a few stray fish-bones, which the rustics told me were the relics of fish brought there and eaten by the water-rat. But I soon found out that fish-bones were a sign of kingfishers, and not of rats, and so, guided, found

plenty of the beautiful eggs of this beautiful bird. But the water-rat is a vegetable feeder, and I believe almost, if not entirely, a vegetarian in diet. That it is so is proved by the fact that it will eat almost anything, having seen the creature engaged in eating

In former days, when I thought the water-rats ate fish, I waged war against them. However, a circumstance occurred which showed me that I was wrong.

I saw a water-rat sitting on a kind of raft that had formed from a bundle of reeds which had been cut and were floating down the river. Seeing it busily at work feeding, I took it for granted that it was eating a captured fish, and shot it accordingly, stretching it dead on its reed raft.

On towing up to the spot, I was rather surprised to find that there was no fish there; and on examining the reeds, I rather wondered at the regular grooves cut by my shot. But a closer inspection revealed a very different state of things; namely, that the poor dead rat was quite innocent of fish eating, and had been gnawing the green bark from the reeds, the grooves being the marks left by its teeth. After this I gave up rat shooting on principle.

A Klondike Winter.

By W. G. Mahon.

Winter is approaching. It is the first day of October, and there is a general shifting about among the people. Some, grown wealthy, are leaving for a warmer clime, while those remaining are preparing for their winter work. The miners are getting their winter's outfit on hand, and the hunters and trappers are off to the hills, from which they will secure abundance of game and furs. The farmers and gardeners are busy taking care of their roots, while the woodmen are moving quickly, and from the adjacent hills and valleys will supply fuel for the city and mines. Stern doors and windows are again brought into use, fresh earth is added to the cabin roof, while fur coats, caps and mitts, with felt shoes and buckskin moccasins are to be seen on every hand.

Another month and winter has arrived. The rivers and lakes are frozen over and the beautiful boats that have been plying between White Horse and St. Michael's are at rest in a sheltered slough. The snow falls thick and fast, and the temperature also falls low and hovers between zero and 70 below until about the middle of March. The overland stages are again in operation between White Horse and Dawson, and dog-teams that have been idle all summer are again on the move. The Mounted Police are to be seen on all the trails hunting the test, carrying mail, keeping order, and doing a hundred and one other things that nobody but themselves could do.

Our winter's scenery will depend on our point of view. If we are among the mines we will see constant streams of buckets laden with gold-bearing gravel being hoisted to the surface and piled up ready for the spring wash-up. Underground, by the light of our candles, we could see the men thawing the ground with steam and then filling the buckets I have just referred to. On the hunters' trails we would meet dog-trains laden with moose, caribou, and mountain sheep; while if we visited a trapper's den we would see hundreds of martens, wolf, beaver, otter, mink, and other skins. A visit to Dawson's woodyards would also evidence much industry, and one might be well repaid to watch the making up of many of our six and eight-horse freight teams. From nature's standpoint you might stand on Dawson's streets, when the thermometer is 60 below zero, and you would see nothing but fog, but on the other hand if you were to ascend to a near-by hill you could look for a hundred miles through perfectly clear atmosphere to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, whose glaciers sparkle in the reflected sunlight, and whose whole outline presents a picture of beauty's land to none on the American Continent. Yes, the hills and valleys of the whole Klondike present an appearance well calculated to make us admire the skill and handy-work of the Great Divine Architect.

But our five-hour winter day has been growing longer. The sun that was invisible to us in the valleys for two months, is smiling upon us again. The robin and the chick-a-dee have arrived. Ducks, geese, swans, cranes, and even gulls from the distant ocean begin to appear. The snow disappears. The miners begin to sluice the gold. The hills are covered with wild roses and hundreds of other flowers. The grizzly and silver-tip bear wakes up, and almost before you know it the winter is gone.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

Celery originated in Germany.

The chestnut came from Italy.

The onion originated in Egypt.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

The citron is a native of Greece.

Oats originated in North Africa.

The poppy originated in the East.

Rye came originally from Siberia.

Farley was first known in Sardinia.

The pear and apple are from Europe.

Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The sunflower was brought from Peru.

The mulberry tree originated in Persia.

Horse-raddish is from southern Europe.

The walnut and peach came from Persia.

The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies.

The radish is a native of China and Japan.



GEO FOX

THE RED HOT-QUAKER.

[Published in Book Form. Sold by the Trade Department, Toronto, at 15 cents.]

Chapter IV.—(Continued.)

IN Derby, George stayed in the house of a doctor, whose wife had been converted through him. While there, he learned there was to be a great lecture, to which many people were going. So George determined to go, too. When the service was quite over, he got up and addressed the people, and told them what he believed the Lord required of them. They were most attentive, but a policeman came and arrested him, telling him he must appear before the magistrates.

The magistrates asked him a great many questions, among others:

"Are you sanctified?"

"Yes," answered George.

Then they wanted to know if he had no sin, to which he replied:

"Christ, my Saviour, has taken away my sin, and in Him there is no sin."

Then they asked how he knew that Christ abode in his heart, and were told:

"By His Spirit, which He has given us."

Next he was scoffingly asked if he were Christ.

"Nay," he said, "I am nothing at all. Christ is all."

When they were tired of asking him questions, they sentenced him to six months' imprisonment in the Derby House of Correction.

As soon as George was safely under lock and key, the different clergy busied themselves in preaching, against the possibility of living without sin, and warning their people against George Fox and his false doctrines. These preachings were as good as a public advertisement, and led a great many to take an interest in the Quakers who would not otherwise have done so. Such a religion as George's, which ran counter, in some way or other, to every known or rather "taught" creed, was sure to create opposition. It was about this time that the converts of George Fox began to be called Quakers. It was asserted that they performed their worship with shakings and tremblings, and that they taught that this was necessary!

The keeper of Derby prison was known as a very religious man. At first, he was very bitter against George, and also exceedingly cruel to him. But the Lord opened his eyes. One day, he said to his wife:

"Wife, I have seen the Day of Judgment, and I saw George Fox there, and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and had spoken so against him to ministers and professors."

On the evening of that day, he went down to the prison and apologized to George, told him henceforth he would treat him differently, and finished by asking him to his house. So he took him and lodged him that night. Next day, the jailer went to the magistrates and told them he had been much plagued on account of this man, whereupon one of them replied that he, too, had suffered through keeping him in prison. Orders were given that George should be allowed to walk where he liked, so long as he kept within a mile of the prison. He easily saw what the jailer acknowledged afterwards to be true—that they wanted him to run away. This he declined to do.

His relations, hearing of his plight, visited him, and offered him the magistrates' bail, promising them that George would not go near Derby, nor trouble the clergy again. They were heartily ashamed of him, and some of them firmly believed he was mad. Needless to say, when George was asked to agree to

this, he decidedly refused, on the ground that he was innocent. Then he knelt down in the court and began to pray that God would forgive the magistrates. One of them, jumping up from the bench in a fury, beat him with both hands, and cried:

"Away with him, jailer; take him away!"

And back poor George went to the filthy prison, where he laid with thirty felons till his time was up.

While in Derby prison, George contracted a habit which stuck to him all his life—that of writing letters to various magistrates and people in position. He pestered the Derby magistrates with letters till those not very worthy men did not know what to do, and, to use one of George's own expressions, were "much exercised in spirit." They thought of shipping him to Ireland, or sending him to London to be tried by the Parliament. Others even tried to persuade him to be a soldier! At last, after much thought, he was set free, having been in Derby jail about twelve months.

During these twelve months, however, the seed he had sown had not lain fallow. Several of his followers and converts had been led out into Gospel preaching, and slowly, but surely, the work was spreading all over the North of England.

Before we follow George any further, we will stop and take a look at some of his earliest friends and followers.

(To be continued.)

Sanctification.

By the General.

IT CAN BE ATTAINED.—(Continued.)

Does the Bible show in any way that men can be entirely sanctified?

Christ and the inspired writers of the Bible pray that saints should be thus holy.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."—John xvii. 17.

In what other way does the Bible insist on entire sanctification?

The Bible declares that salvation from sin is the purpose of the life and death of Jesus Christ.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. i. 21.

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 14.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, Who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"—Heb. ix. 14.

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."—1 John iii. 8.

"Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. v. 25, 26, 27.

Have you any further argument to show that God's people can be pure in heart in this life?

Yes; the experience of God's people shows this.

Can you give the names of any Bible characters who seem to have enjoyed this experience?

Yes; Enoch, and Moses, and Job, and many others; but we simply name the Apostle Paul, and give his experience in his own words.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."—1 Cor. xi. 1.

"And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."—Phil. iii. 9.

"Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believed."—1 Thess. ii. 10.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8.

Is there any other argument to prove that it is possible to enjoy this experience?

Yes; we think that all Christians will admit that in those moments when they realize the greatest nearness to God, they feel the strongest urgings of the Spirit to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER

Tell me about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night,

The day lies behind me in shadow,

And only the evening is light!

Light with a radiant glory

That lingers about the west;

My poor heart is aweary, aweary,

And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills He in loneliness stood,

When the tears and the blood of His anguish

Dropped down on Judea's sod,

For to me life's seventy mile-stones

But a sorrowful journey mark;

Rough lies the hill country before me,

The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs He freely forgave;

Of His love and tender compassion,

Of His power that was mighty to save,

For my heart is aweary, aweary,

Of the woes and temptations of life,

Of the terror that stalks in the noonday,

Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation be all,

The infinite Master has suffered,

And knoweth and pitieth all,

So tell me the sweet old story

That falls on each wound like a balm,

And my heart that was bruised and broken

Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

We often invest others out of our own

minds with a beauty or an ugliness which

they do not really possess.

Italian antiquaries say that the person who

invented spectacles was Salvino, who died in

1318. His epitaph reads: "Here lies Salvino

Arnato de Arnitti, of Florence, the inventor of

spectacles: May God pardon his sins."

"Of the practical common sense, the reason-

ness for every form of usefulness of my op-

ers, the world has no conception. Still

it is capable of understanding the height and

depth of their self-sacrificing devotion to

and the poor."—General Booth.

"In Prison and Ye Can

Three Prison Services—The (jail, and the Mercer—F for Salvation

It is almost a year since mission to conduct weekly Toronto Jail, as well as in their cells and corridors, meeting a number publicly a one of them being an old r for fifty years. On his disch Fraser secured him employ counts state he was still d service last Tuesday after owned of God. Mrs. Staff a few well-chosen words, spo her heart. The singing wa would be hard to beat. At prisoners desired to take Chri

The Central.

We conduct on an averag per month at the above in has been kindly arranged by Gilmour, and some wonder been realized within the wal The singing at the Central is the "Glory Song" being on ites, but they love the Arm We sang together again and

"He's able and willing

At the close of the invit men expressed their desire truth of the above chorus.

The Mercer.

There are 700 prisoners in Toronto jail, so that our rec get some idea of the wide t have amongst this class of At the Mercer we had a mes Staff-Capt. Fraser read from "Ask and ye shall have, se find." The writer pulled in that ten women and girls ma ing to live a better life. May God help and save brothers and sisters who h battle of life, pray—Jose Lieut.-Colonel.

T. H. Q. Spe

The Editor spent a Sund Adj. Hahkirk, who has ju is hopeful. Bandmaster C also been recently appointe well, and doubtless will bri high state of efficiency as w He gave a splendid testimon meeting was a hallowed tim full surrender of two souls. ing brought a good crowd, did attention. Quite a few in this meeting, among the Mrs. Staff-Captains McL Simco. Two souls sought prayer meeting was a hard

Dovercourt was honored Brigadier Southall, assist Mrs. Southall. The Brigad with the crowds, respecting as intelligence. The band p well. The songsters made creditable manner. A spla valled throughout the day, forward at night.

PETROLIA'S ANNI

Brigadier Hargrave, as Creighton, conducted the ings at Petrolia. The Bri were of the right sort—inte point. Many up-to-date given, and, best of all, nine way to the mercy seat. siled on Monday night, and ere highly commended the The Brigadier's remarks

"In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

Three Prison Services.—The Central, the Don Jail, and the Mercer. Fifty Seekers for Salvation.

It is almost a year since we received permission to conduct weekly services in the Toronto Jail, as well as interview prisoners in their cells and corridors. At our first meeting a number publicly asked for prayer, one of them being an old man, a drunkard for fifty years. On his discharge Staff-Capt. Fraser secured him employment and last accounts state he was still doing well. Our service last Tuesday afternoon was much owned of God. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser, in a few well-chosen words, spoke to them from her heart. The singing was excellent, and would be hard to beat. At the close eight prisoners desired to take Christ into their life.

The Central.

We conduct on an average of six services per month at the above institution, which has been kindly arranged by the Warden, Dr. Elmour, and some wonderful times have been realized within the walls of the prison. The singing at the Central is a speciality also, the "Glory Song" being one of their favorites, but they love the Army songs as well. We sang together again and again—

"He's able and willing to save."

At the close of the invitation thirty-two men expressed their desire to realize the truth of the above chorus.

The Mercer.

There are 700 prisoners incarcerated in the Toronto jails, so that our readers will by this get some idea of the wide field of labor we have amongst this class of men and women. At the Mercer we had a most helpful service. Staff-Capt. Fraser read from the good Book, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find." The writer pulled in with the result that ten women and girls made signs of desiring to live a better life.

May God help and save our unfortunate brothers and sisters who have fallen in the battle of life, says—Joseph S. Pugmire, Lieut.-Colonel.

T. H. Q. Specials.

The Editor spent a Sunday at Lippincott. Adj. Habberly, who has just taken charge, is hopeful. Bar. Dunster Cosway, who has also been recently appointed, is taking hold well, and doubtless will bring the band to a high state of efficiency as well as spirituality. He gave a splendid testimony. The holiness meeting was a hallowed time, sealed by the full surrender of two souls. The night meeting brought a good crowd, which paid splendid attention. Quite a few officers took part in this meeting, among these Adj. Collier, Mrs. Staff-Captains McLean, Attwell, and Simco. Two souls sought salvation. The prayer meeting was a hard battle.

Dovercourt was honored by a visit from Brigadier Southall, assisted at night by Mrs. Southall. The Brigadier was delighted with the crowds, respecting numbers as well as intelligence. The band played and prayed well. The songsters made their debut in a creditable manner. A splendid spirit prevailed throughout the day, and one soul came forward at night.

PETROLIA'S ANNIVERSARY.

Brigadier Hargrave, assisted by Major Creighton, conducted the anniversary meetings at Petrolia. The Brigadier's addresses were of the right sort—interesting and to the point. Many up-to-date testimonies were given, and, best of all, nine souls found their way to the mercy seat. Mayor Noble presided on Monday night, and with other speakers highly commended the work of the Army. The Brigadier's remarks were much appreciated by the audience, which followed him closely. The banquet was a fine spread, and great credit is due to the workers. The income for the week-end was very satisfactory. —Ensign LeCocq.

ciated by the audience, which followed him closely. The banquet was a fine spread, and great credit is due to the workers. The income for the week-end was very satisfactory. —Ensign LeCocq.

THE RANTERS AT BRANTFORD.**Thirteen Souls.**

A remarkable week-end campaign was conducted by the "Jolly Ranters" at the "Impenitent City."

Saturday night's musicale was a big success—the new songs, solos, selections on saxophone, mandolin, guitars, and cornet caught on immensely, and at the close one man sought Christ.

Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten day. God's power was manifested in a marvelous manner. Splendid crowds, at night building gorges, and, best of all, eleven souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Finished with old-time ranter wind-up. Finances nearly \$37.

Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are to be congratulated on the enterprising way they advertised the campaign.

The Ranters comprised Adj. Morris, Ensign Owen, Capt. DeBow and Mardall, and Bro. Alex. McMillan.—Rantorius.

FROM UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN.

The Commander has issued a special appeal to raise \$20,000 in the interest of the Social Work. The officers of all ranks have responded out of their limited funds with \$5,000 already.

The Commander conducted a great meeting in the Empire Theatre, Boston, which building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Thirty-one souls came forward.

Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre is now quite installed in his office as Field Secretary, assisted by Major Stanton. Mrs. Stanton retains the oversight of the Slum Work.

Major John Milsaps left New York for his appointment in the East Indian Field.

THEIR FIRST BATTLE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay, the new commanders of the West Indies, have met with a hearty reception. The Kingston Town Hall was crowded to excess and twenty-five souls came to the pentecost form.

The Mayor of Kingston presided at the public welcome on Monday, Feb. 15th. Many representative citizens were present. The Archbishop sent a letter of greeting, in which he said:

"I value highly the sympathetic and practical efforts made by the Army in the Social section of its work carried on for the physical, moral, and spiritual benefit of those who are not reached by other agencies, and I hope that this work may continue to prosper under your administration."

UNIFORM IN NORWAY.

Salvationists in Norway love their uniform. A nurse girl, or the servant running out for the milk would not think of going out without her uniform, an Army band around her hat. The drummer of a corps in Christiania, the Capital of Norway, is a milkman, and always wears his red jersey in the milk shop.

We note that the Canadian Government is sending a large quantity of flour to relieve the famine-stricken people of Japan. The sum of \$25,000 is being expended upon this scheme. Each bag will contain directions for making bread, and a sample of yeast, to encourage the Japs to adopt our methods. At present they make macaroni out of flour, which is not so substantial as bread.



Watchword:
"Pray Without Ceasing."

Sunday, March 18th.—Prepare to Meet God.—Amos 4: 1-17.

Monday, March 19th.—Famine.—Amos 9: 2-7; vi. 1-14.

Tuesday, March 20th.—Fleeing from God.—Jonah 1: 1-12.

Wednesday, March 21st.—Strange Prayer Chamber.—Jonah 1: 14-17; ii. 1-10.

Thursday, March 22nd.—Wounded Self-Love.—Jonah 3: 1-10; iv. 1-11.

Friday, March 23rd.—Source of Power.—Micah 1: 1-16; ii. 1-13.

Saturday, March 24th.—Threefold Cord.—Micah 4: 1-13; vi. 8-16.

The Stranger Within Our Gates.

It is not an opportune moment to ask our readers to pray for the many who are pouring into our country from over the seas? Let us add to our petitions earnest requests for spiritual as well as material blessings to rest upon the thousands who the Army, and other agencies, are bringing into this great country during the coming weeks.

They are coming from the hills of Scotland, the towns and villages of England and Ireland, picturesque Scandinavia, industrious Germany, oppressed Russia, and many other lands. How lonely are these strangers from Europe when they come amongst us.

In turning their steps to the land of the setting sun they have left their dear ones behind in the motherlands. They have severed all the sweet associations of childhood and sundered all the tender ties of their early lives. If the citizens of our Empire, of our own blood and speaking our own language, are lonely; how much greater the desolation and homesickness of those who come from foreign shores, who speak a different tongue, who have lived in an environment and been accustomed to ways and modes of life diverse to Canadian customs and habits.

I have seen them so often in the waiting-rooms and railway trains on their journeys to the West; the men, some with expectancy, some with anxiety upon their faces; the women, quaintly dressed and weary; the babies fretful and frightened, and the little children with bright eyes filled with interrogation and wonder, as if asking what the future in this unknown land holds for them. How grateful are these lonely mothers for a kind service and sympathetic smile, even when they are totally ignorant of the language in which they are addressed.

Many of these newcomers have been earnest Christians in their former homes, and in the stress and strain and the disappointment many will meet with in the new country, they especially need the strengthening upholding influence of the Christian religion. To hear the same old story and sing the same old songs of praise that are associated with their early days will comfort them and fortify them with courage for life's battles as nothing else can do.

Then, of course, there are many to whom liberty means license, and in the freedom of Western pliancy life they will show aside all restraint, and if not brought under the power of the Gospel truth, will become a menace to Canada. They will undermine our Christian institutions, the sacredness of our Sabbath and the sanctity of our home life.

We, perhaps, do not realize how much we owe our forefathers, the early settlers of our country, for their unyielding courage and faith. The seed of American greatness was sown in the blood of the old Puritan fathers of the "Mayflower," in the godly simplicity of their home life, and their establishment of public worship. And our own fair Canada, is reaping the harvest of the true, pure lives of the sturdy pioneers who set up the family altars in the rude log cabins, and at the cost of much sacrifice, sang the praises of God by the dim light of the lantern in the old log schoolhouses of the forest.

We, as a Christian nation, are responsible for the welfare, spiritual welfare, of the "strangers within our gates."

Let us pray, and give our substance that the Gospel may be speedily brought to all these new comers.

The old Levitical law was very clear and emphatic as to the duty of the Israelites towards the strangers. "Thou shalt not vex a stranger, nor oppress him" (Ex. xxii. 21), said Moses, speaking for Jehovah. "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger" (Ex. xxiii. 9).

They were enjoined to "Love ye, therefore, the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt" (Deut. 10: 19). And Jesus, who came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it, promised to count the courtesies and love extended to the stranger as service rendered to Himself. He says in Matthew 25: 35: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

These little children are to be instructed and educated. These young men and maidens are to have the standard of a high ideal of Christian citizenship set before them. They are the future citizens of this great continent, and we must help them to seek and maintain that righteousness which "exalts a nation."

THE WAR CRY.



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GAZETTE

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. D. CREIGHTON to be Representative for Immigration at Montreal.

STAFF-CAPT. MOORE to be Chancellor, East Ontario Province.

ADJT. HATTIE YEREX to the Children's Home, Toronto.

ADJT. WILLIAM ORCHARD to Montreal II.

ENSGN JENNIE CULBERT to Moose Jaw.

ENSGN BARRY to Cornwall.

ENSGN B. COY to Montreal IV.

ENSGN ARTHUR SHEARD to Picton.

ENSGN WILSON to Sudbury.

Promotions—

Lieut. Georgina McMasters to be Captain.

Lieut. Eliza McWilliams to be Captain.

Lieut. I. Crowell to be Captain.

Lieut. Ernest Falle to be Captain.

Lieut. Ida Luther to be Captain.

Lieut. Wm. Emery to be Captain.

Lieut. Mary Davidson to be Captain.

Lieut. Tom Rickard to be Captain.

Lieut. Lizzie Garside to be Captain.

Lieut. Deborah Varnall to be Captain.

Lieut. John Davis to be Captain.

Lieut. Elizabeth Duncan to be Captain.

Lieut. Arthur Loder to be Probationary-Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

EDITORIAL

The Second S. A. Immigrant Ship.

The S.S. Kensington will bring the second shipload of British emigrants under complete S. A. management to Canada. The first boat chartered by the Army was the S.S. Vancouver, and that transaction proved so satisfactory at the time to all parties concerned that it was decided to charter three boats for this season. Already this has proved insufficient for our demand and negotiations for a fourth ship are going on.

The Kensington will bring a load of what the Hon. J. P. Whitney termed "hand-picked" Britishers, which will be above the average immigrant in health and intelligence, and prove a valuable acquisition to Canada. The passengers are selected, received and embarked by us. The Employment and Immigration Bureau conducted by S. A. officers on board finds for every immigrant who come to seek employment a position, and informs him of the address of his employer, nature of work—almost entirely farm work—the wages, etc. On disembarkation the immigrants are divided into parties, according to their destination, and a staff of officers is waiting to take charge of each party, and an officer goes with each section to the nearest distributing centre. In this way, without loss of time, as well as at the least expense to all concerned, every immigrant will reach his place in this country in the quickest possible way.

Each passenger of the steamer, therefore, has been under the care of the Salvation

Army from the time he left his former home until he reaches his new home, and in some of them we will be interested for some time afterwards in various ways. We are pleased that the expeditious and economical plan of the Army has recommended itself to all who are capable of judging affairs of this description. Railway and steamboat men, with large experiences behind them, are deeply interested in our way of doing things, and many are meeting the Kensington to personally observe it.

We extend a warm welcome to our new compatriots and pray that all who come in contact with them will kindly remember that to many the change will be very marked, and it will require a little time for them to relinquish some of their old habits and ideas, before they acquire those of this country. Patience and kindness will be the very best means of assimilating all into the "nation of the twentieth century."



The Commissioner is on the war path again. Lindsay and London will each receive a visit from him, and "The Shadow of the Cross" will be the theme of the Sunday night meeting in each of these places. There is no question that full houses are practically assured, and we are also certain the meetings will be deeply impressive.

Then there will be a united dedication service at the Temple on Thursday, March 20th, conducted by the Commissioner, and on Good Friday an "All Day at the Cross," at the Temple. The Commissioner will spend Sunday at the new and thriving baby corps at Toronto Junction.

There is quite a lot of sickness among our dear officers at this time of the year, and the Women's Social Staff have recently had, according to their numbers, the largest share of it. Mrs. Adj. Adams is still very poorly indeed, while our latest news of Adj. Hicks goes to show that she is making very slow progress towards recovery. Mrs. Adjutant Payne has very indifferent health, and the loss of her dear boy has very much prostrated her. Staff-Capt. McDonald, we regret, is not yet able to take her appointment. Pray for these dear comrades, and all who are suffering, that they may be speedily restored.

Mrs. Southall, the Secretary for the Women's Social Work, has for a long time been far from well, and it has only been her great love for her work, and her desire to spare Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs extra anxiety, that she has held on until now. She, however, feels that she must relinquish her post at the front. This enforced retirement from her work will be deeply regretted by the Women's Social Officers, and shared by officers and soldiers throughout the ranks, and earnest prayers will ascend to heaven that the healing hand of our loving Father may be laid upon her so that she may speedily be ready for any work God and her leaders may have for her to do.

Our readers will naturally ask what arrangements are to be made to fill the post vacated by Mrs. Southall. At present we are not in a position to say, but the Commissioner has the matter in hand, and has arranged, for the time being, for all communications affecting the Women's Social Work to be addressed to Mrs. Coombs, who will give this branch of Women's Work her special attention, while not neglecting the claims of other branches. It is a matter of gratitude to God that Mrs. Coombs' health is so far improved as to enable

her to take an active interest in all branches of our Women's Work. This announcement will be received with joy, and comrades all over the Territory will send up thanksgiving to God for His great goodness to the Commissioner and his dear wife, and at the same time pray that increased strength and health may be given to Mrs. Coombs.

This is the second edition on the new Duplex Press recently purchased for the S. A. Printing Office. Instead of a slow process, involving days of work on two presses, we now run off the entire edition in less than two days—cut and folded ready for shipment. Considering the great increase in the cost of production (rise in wages and prices of material) this is a timely step towards economy.

Calt's new S. A. building is to be opened next Sunday by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. His Worship the Mayor will preside on the occasion.

Sixty-two Cadets have started the new session of the Training College. Singularly, they are evenly divided between the sexes—thirty-one men and thirty-one women. This is the largest attendance on record.

Mr. Collier, of the Tailoring Department, is exceedingly busy, working day and night almost to meet the demand. Present orders will keep him going for the month.

The Merchandise Section of the Trade Department also is rushed. The month of February, usually a dull month, has been a very busy one. Musical instruments from our own factory are becoming more and more popular, even with outsiders. "The Prophet of the Poor" sells well. A fine line of waterproofs at \$7.50 and \$10 is a quick seller, giving excellent satisfaction. Summer hats are selling now; there is a good stock on hand, but I advise you to order early.

Brigadier Turner is contemplating some more new openings. Capt. Webber, of T. H. Q., is still in the hospital, but is improving. Adj. Hide, after a lengthy furlough, is going to take an appointment. Staff-Capt. McLean has had an eminently successful tour in West Ontario, and is going to the Northwest.

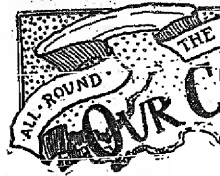
The Inquiry Department has located eight cases in February. One was a prodigal who had left England and had lived a reckless life in Canada since arriving here. At the request of his heart-broken parents he was searched for and located. He is now in the care of a Shelter officer, and his friends have entrusted to our care a sum of money which is to be given him as he may need it.

Glancing through the various reports we find that last Christmas altogether 22,000 free meals were given by the Army in Canada to the poor. In Ontario Province eighty-three of these families benefited were added to our visitation list, and out of these fifty-two have become regular attendants of our meetings, two found salvation, and twenty-one children now come to our junior meetings.

The Young People's Campaign has resulted in the following: 66 new Corps-Cadets; 171 new members of the B. O. L.; 80 new J. S. companies formed, and an increase of over twelve hundred in the attendance at our J. S. and B. O. L. meetings.

Brigadier Howell has left for Halifax to meet the Kensington. He will have on hand a staff of workers, who will receive the passengers on disembarkation and take charge of the various sections, arranging for immediate transportation to their destination.

Staff-Captain Patterson has sailed on the Southwark for the Old Country to return with the next boatload of immigrants. He has with him applications for the entire signment.



THE GENERAL

Addresses the Members of the Institutes.

When the General, a few weeks ago, visited the Army's new Emigration Office, Victoria Street, London, Sir Vice-President of the Royal Institute, commended the General, and expressed the hope that they soon have an opportunity of for emigration before the Colonial Institute.

That opportunity has quite, and on Tuesday afternoon, the General, in response to the committee of the Institute, members of that society at the pole.

Sir Frederick Young was at this interesting occasion. A full report of the proceedings next week.

BRITISH M

The General had a rough Stockport, where he conducted a campaign, being received by the Mayor of the city, who drove him. On his way, the General leader:

"General, the neighborhood hall is built, has undergone since your people took up. It used to be a drunken, loathsome short of a revolution. On Sunday the meetings, the Armory, the biggest hall, hundred and forty-seven, a merry seat during the war."

The Chief of the Staff, Young People's Councils. During the afternoon and young people definitely and his service.

The Chief also spent a new Cadets which have International Training Home session.

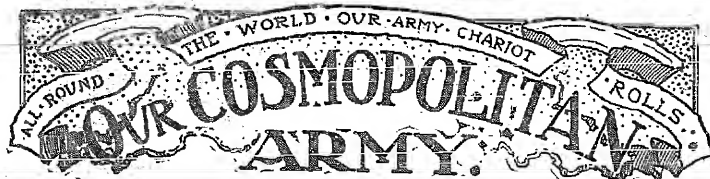
Mrs. Booth was one of at a notable gathering in National League for Physical Improvement at Bristol, physical development, was clear, logical, and full was concluded with a by mark, in which she said:

"Let us all be pure of thought. We can only have a pure heart. Well might be true philosophy as Blessed are the pure in spirit, purity is a stream, a pure heart as from purity for which I plead by a change of heart, the Holy Ghost. Let us be His Son not to be a Redeemer; not merely, but to preach."

A SWISS C

The Campaign which Tucker is conducting, times, with increasing able results.

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THE GENERAL

Addresses the Members of the Royal Colonial Institute.

When the General, a few weeks ago, opened the Army's new Emigration Offices in Queen Victoria Street, London, Sir Frederick Young, Vice-President of the Royal Colonial Institute, commended the General's plans for dealing with the deserving unemployed. He also expressed the hope that the General would soon have an opportunity of laying his plans for emigration before the members of the Colonial Institute.

That opportunity has quickly presented itself, and on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 20th, the General, in response to an invitation from the committee of the Institute addressed the members of that society at the Hotel Metropole.

Sir Frederick Young was in the chair on this interesting occasion.

A full report of the proceedings will appear next week.

BRITISH NEWS.

The General had a rousing reception at Stockport, where he conducted a week-end campaign, being received at the station by the Mayor of the city, who drove him to the meeting. On his way, the Mayor said to our leader:

"General, the neighborhood in which your hall is built has undergone a thorough change since your people took up their abode there. It used to be a drunken, low district, but nothing short of a revolution has taken place."

On Sunday the meetings were conducted in the Armory, the biggest hall available. One hundred and forty-seven seekers came to the mercy seat during the week-end.

The Chief of the Staff has conducted great Young People's Councils in Belfast, Ireland. During the afternoon and night meetings 114 young people definitely surrendered to Christ and His service.

The Chief also spent a whole day with the new Cadets which have just entered the International Training Home for a ten-months' session.

Mrs. Booth was one of the leading speakers at a notable gathering in connection with the National League for Physical Education and Improvement at Bristol in the interest of physical development. Her speech, which was clear, logical, and full of excellent points, was concluded with a beautiful personal remark, in which she said:

"Let us all be pure ourselves in mind and thought. We can only be pure by having a pure heart. Well might the Saviour say—it was true philosophy as well as inspiration—'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Purity is a spirit, purity is a stream which proceeds from a pure heart as from its source. That purity for which I plead can only be obtained by a change of heart through the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us not forget that God sent His Son not to be a Reformer, but to be a Redeemer; not to preach reformation merely, but to preach regeneration."

A SWISS CAMPAIGN.

The Campaign which Commissioner Booth-Tucker is conducting in Switzerland continues with increasing interest and remarkable results.

Cham, in Fribourg, with its three feet of snow, gave the Commissioner a rousing re-

ception, which included a brass band and a torch-light procession. The Public Hall was packed out.

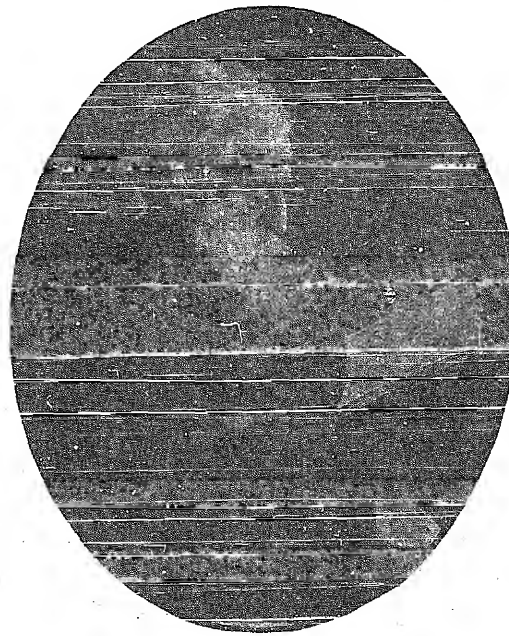
Berne, where the week end was spent, has been "better than the best." The building was crowded, and the Commissioner's addresses were full of power and of the Holy Ghost. Both saints and sinners were greatly moved.

The first seeker at night rushed to the mercy seat while the Commissioner was speaking.

At the close of the day one hundred surrenders had been recorded, making a total of 215 for the campaign.—Sukh-Singh, Lieut.-Colonel.

SWISS THIEVES AND FORGERS AT THE CROSS.

A Revival has broken out at Herisau, in German-Switzerland, where it has hitherto been very difficult to get people to the penitent form.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BOOTH.

A great number of sinners have come to God, acknowledging theft, forgery, and even confessing to sins committed thirty years ago. Several have brought money to our officers, asking them to make restitution to the people from whom it was stolen.

In German-Switzerland, the latest opening is Zollbrunn, in the Berner Division. In two months 150 people have been converted, forty of whom have already become soldiers.

At Montier, French-Switzerland, which was opened on January 9th, twenty-five sinners have already been converted, and a glorious soul-saving work continues.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL ANNIVERSARY IN STOCKHOLM.

At the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Slum and Rescue Work, conducted by Commissioner Rees in the Temple at Stockholm, the

Secretary, Brigadier Elizabeth Liljegren, spoke of a year's progress.

During the twelve months 235 women had been received in the Homes; 193 situations had been found for servants through the Registry Office at our Servants' Home. The Women's Metropole had also provided work for a great number of poor women. Our Six Day Nurseries are doing excellent work in the cities, as well as in finding homes in the country for homeless children.

"There never was greater sympathy with the Slum and Rescue Work in Sweden," said the Brigadier, "than at present."

CONVERSIONS AMONG THE DUTCH GARRISON.

A glorious work is in progress among the military at Batavia, the Capital of Java, quite a number of whom have sought salvation.

The converted lads have already hired a house, which they have fitted up as an Army Military Home. They have also made themselves responsible for the rest.

At Samarang Mrs. Brigadier Von Rossum is regularly holding meetings for soldiers with encouraging results.

A good number of civilians also attend these meetings. On a recent Sunday night a family of father, mother, and grown-up daughter, and two soldiers, sought salvation.

Much interest has been created and many new people attracted to our halls by special meetings at which a free meal was provided.

On separate occasions recently two hundred soldiers, two hundred Javanese children, two hundred Chinese children, and one hundred and fifty Eurasian children were entertained.

INDIAN ITEMS.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Madras, 250 Army children, from various schools in the district, occupied a stand on the route of the procession.

The Army flag was greatly in evidence, and it was remarked that the children belonging to the Salvationists shouted more lustily than any others on the route.

Lieut.-Colonel Hira Singh reports a remarkable awakening at a corps named Pedapadu, where there is also an Army Village Bank.

On the occasion of the Colonel's visit a few weeks ago the villagers made a general holiday, and in the presence of the entire population twelve families were enrolled as Salvationists.

These converts—about fifty in all—were given new names, and several of their children were publicly dedicated under the blood-and-fire flag.

NEW AUSTRALIAN SHELTER.

A wine shop and additional premises have been secured for Army purposes in Exhibition Street, Melbourne.

This acquisition is all the more gratifying as it removes an awkward difficulty.

Commissioner McKie has been anxious to utilize the old warehouse at the rear of the Territorial Headquarters as a Woman's Shelter, but the absence of sufficient yard space made this impossible.

The new premises that have now been secured will remove this obstacle and allow the Shelter scheme to go ahead.

SPECIAL EVENTS.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin at Yorkville.

We were highly pleased to have with us last Sunday the General Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. Our anticipations ran high, for he is a noted warrior of the cross.

Last Sunday the Colonel excelled himself. In the morning and afternoon he spoke with much power and enthusiasm, and none the less so at night. In the morning he spoke of the armor of the soul, as exemplified in hope, confidence, patience, and faith. In the afternoon he spoke on the need of exercising great faith in God's power to save and to keep.

The climax came at night, when the Colonel spoke with very much earnestness, presenting to us in a very convincing and forcible manner "the man whom God calls a fool," and showing us the necessity and wisdom of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Mrs. Gaskin spoke kind words of encouragement and urged us to press on in the fight for God and souls, and words of exhortation to the sinners and backsliders to "get right with God."

The blessing and power of God was made manifest all day and demonstrated in the salvation of two precious souls. Our open-airs continue good, and our finances also. Come again, Colonel, J. E. Jarvis, Secretary.

The Light Brigades.

Led on by Brigadier Turner They Charge the Enemy and Capture 91 Prisoners—Their not to reason why, Their but to do and die—Attack at Montreal IV. and Encounter at Cornwall.

The Light Brigade is composed of a band of young men and women who are on their way to the Training Home, in Toronto.

Their first meeting took the form of a farewell at No. IV, corps, Montreal, and a great time it proved to be. In the afternoon Brigadier Turner conducted an officers' council, at which some twenty-five were present.

Tea was provided, and then came the never-to-be-forgotten meeting, as far as the Cadets were concerned. Although a fierce snow-storm raged all the evening yet the barracks was packed and Brigadier Turner was as fit as a fiddle. At the close sixteen souls were found at the mercy seat. It truly was a Pentecost all time. Ensign and Mrs. Coy, who are succeeding Ensign Sheard and Capt. Davis, were in the best of spirits. After much hand-shaking and a few tears, and a thousand "God bless you's," the meeting closed.

Early Thursday morning the G.T.R. depot was a busy place, as for us Salvationists were concerned. A crowd of friends were on the spot to bid good-bye to the Cadets. "God be with you," was sung, and as the train pulled out, a last good-bye was said. True, indeed, the Montreal chapter.

Montreal IV. sending six Cadets—three men and three women; No. I. is sending two—both women; No. II. is sending two—both boys; making ten for Montreal alone.

Some of the Cadets have never been outside of Montreal, and the short trip down to Cornwall, our next stopping-place, was full of interest. One young man, evidently well connected, although under the influence of drink, repented one of the members to sing. "My name in mother's prayer." Evidently it touched the right spot.

Cornwall was at last reached and Ensign Burr was there to greet the distinguished visitors. After a hurried supper, we all found our way to the barracks. The night was a bitter cold one, but Ensign and Mrs. Burr had made the meeting well known, and consequently a full house greeted the Brigadier and Cadets as they filed in to their seats on the platform. With Brigadier Turner in charge all is safe. The meeting went with spirit and life, and at the close two were found at the mercy seat. Cornwall, this season, is not sending any one to the Training Home, but it is hoped that this meeting will give them an appetite for this kind of business.

At Cornwall two Cadets joined us, who have been sent out by Ottawa II.; both are women. Next day, Friday, at 8.30, the Brigadier met the Cadets and spent a promise hour with them. They were chanced to be present and only wished to have the privilege to accompany the Brigadier right through. At 12 we were all to be at the depot, and in a few minutes we were again flying to our next stopping-place—Morrisburg. At this place the writer joined with the Brigade and the happenings of further engagements will be chronicled by other pens.

The Battle at Kingston.

On Wednesday evening Brigadier Turner, Ensign Burr, and thirteen Cadets, on their way to the Training College, stopped off here and attended a special meeting. Adj. Jennings, Immigration Agent, and a British Consul, of Sunbury, also attended. It was the most impressive and

solemn meetings held here for many years. God's Spirit took hold of the people and worked wonders. Eighteen came out to the penitent form.

A Great Victory at Picton.

Brigadier Turner, accompanied by thirteen Cadets, on their way to the Training College, visited Picton for a week-end. They were enthusiastically received by the populace, and large crowds literally thronged the streets to listen to the open-air meetings. The Chief of Police declared that nothing like it had been seen there for twenty-eight years. The Town Hall was filled with appreciative audiences, and the meetings were full of power. The Brigadier was divinely upheld, and souls came to God in every meeting. On Sunday night the climax was reached. After a hard fight the fire fell, and sinners from all parts of the building yielded to the convictions of the Spirit. Answers for prayer were manifested on all sides. We wound up the most remarkable day that Picton ever witnessed. Fifty-five souls in the fountain. Ensign Gilliam and other officers rendered good service.—Ensign Edwards.

(To be continued.)

The Siege.

A Big Success at Sydney, C.B.—A Packed-Out Hall—Two Nights' Rally, the Scenic Service Being Repeated by Request—\$50.00 Income.

This very interesting and impressive service more than delighted the people of Sydney, and at the first service, given in the Citadel on Saturday night, after standing-room was taken up, a number went away unable to get in. For the benefit of those who were so disappointed, as well as a number of the clerks in stores and shops, the service was repeated at their request.

Mrs. Burr (nee Capt. Richards), ably filled the chair and took charge of the opening of the service. After some special singing and selections by the string band, the four scenes in "Rock of Ages" were shown. A suitable solo, a duet, and then a trio were sung by Sergt-Major LeCras, Secretary McKenzie, and the McLean Sisters. The special choir sang with much feeling, while the angels beckoned toward the cross. Capt. McJones did the part of "Temple," while Mrs. Trickey and your humble servant took the other parts. The solemn lessons taught will not likely be forgotten for some time. The huge crowd (many standing) remained for the entire service, after which an appeal was made there and then for volunteers to come to the cross. The night following the first service four men and women gladly yielded to Christ, and then stood up promising to take a stand as brave soldiers of the cross. Another enrolment of campaign converts is soon to take place.—N. R. Trickey.

The Bioscope in West Ontario Province.

Letter from Staff-Capt. McLean.

Just a few lines to say that the Bioscope Party had a successful trip through West Ontario for the past six weeks. At every place visited the people were delighted with the pictures and made many invitations to return at an early date. We have had lovely crowds at most of the corps, and the officers deserve much credit for the successful way they have pushed the service.

I am glad to say that we have had a very successful time in equipment saving as well. We had souls every Sunday, also had quite a number during the week. After the moving pictures at Norwich we had five out for salvation. Praise God, thirty-three souls came forward during the trip.

Ensign Hodges is well, body and soul, and your humble servant as well, and we are pushing ahead, doing all we can for the Kingdom, and are full of expectation for a grand time on our Western trip.—J. S. McLean, Staff-Capt.

A Highway Robbery.

Staff-Captain Hay Speaks at Victoria, B.C., on an Old Story.

On Sunday night we had a real live "special" to lead the meeting. Staff-Capt. Hay, of Vancouver Shelter. His subject was "A Highway Robbery, Attempted Murder, and What Became of the Victim." had been well announced, and a good crowd came to the barracks to hear the old story of the Good Samaritan. The Staff-Captain spoke at some length, and illustrated his Bible reading with anecdotes from his own experience. There was no need for anyone to go away asking the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

On Monday night Capt. Davey, the G. B. M. Agent, arrived. Capt. Johnstone had well announced his intended visit, and all were prepared to give him a

heartily welcome to Victoria. It has been known in the past (tell it not) that the Financial Special stayed in Vancouver, as the proceeds from lantern services held here would not cover expenses, but Capt. Davey came bravely over and no doubt will tell the War Cry what a surprise was in store for him. The clipping from the Daily Times, put in by an outsider, will speak for itself.

"From Workhouse to Mansion" was the title of a stereopticon service at the Salvation Army barracks last night, conducted by Capt. Davey, the new officer in charge of Social finances in the Northwest and British Columbia. The Army band and choir added much to the pleasure of the evening rendering an attractive selection. The entertainment was well attended, and proved very enjoyable.—From the Daily Times, Victoria, B.C.

Nearly \$20 was cleared, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the service. The only complaint made was that the Captain sent over only fifty tickets, when one hundred and fifty could have been disposed of.

Capt. Johnstone has been announcing a visit from Major Rawling for some weeks, and no doubt ere this is in print he will have arrived. A good time is expected. The band and local officers are to be commissioned, and we pray that, best of all, souls may come to the Saviour.—A. E. T.

Called to the Front.

Two Candidates Farewell from Kingston to Go to the Training College.

On Sunday evening there was a large attendance at the barracks, Miss Nellie Pollitt, of this city, and Mr. Lorne Richards, formerly of Sydenham, said farewell to their comrades of the local corps. They are about to enter the Training College for Salvation Army officers.

Considerable interest was taken by the Army people about Miss Pollitt going into the work, because, following the ancient Biblical custom, she was presented in her early childhood to the Lord for service in the Army. Adj. Cameron was in charge of the meeting.

Mrs. Pollitt, mother of the young woman who is about to become an officer, said she keenly felt the parting with her daughter, especially so soon after her husband's death. She felt, however, it was God's will, so she was contented to have her daughter follow the Army flag even if it meant separation. She told how her daughter had been dedicated to the Lord in her childhood.

Cadet Pollitt then sang sweetly, in fine voice, "Farewell, my comrades."

Cadet Richards said he felt that God had called him, and he was ready to do His will.

Sister Pollitt will be missed, as she is a singer of exceptional ability and an instrumental musician.

The band, under the direction of Bandmaster Christmas, is improving wonderfully. I've went forward and sought salvation.

Our French Work.

Report from Montreal III.

A verse of one of our French songs expresses the sentiment:

"When I see the perishing world for whom Thy blood has flowed, my heart must respond to Thy call, and proclaim salvation."

This has oftentimes encouraged me and helped me brave the temptations and struggles incident to our French work.

Although not often reported we do not cease to fight for the salvation of souls.

A Sunday's visit from our District Officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Moore, together with Capt. Duncan and Hurd, greatly cheered us.

Like Joshua of old, the Staff-Captain formed his small battalion, and through the streets and by-ways of the French quarter we marched.

His trumpet and our songs woke folks up, and a goodly number surrounded and listened with interest and respect.

The story of Calvary led in fresh gleams of hope into hearts darkened by sin.

Inside, the God of victories was with us. The holiness meeting was very precious. Staff's lesson on the clean heart and the right spirit being inseparable sank deep.

Some clear and blessed testimonies from French comrades were given in the afternoon meeting, in addition to messages from the visiting Captains. All were glad also to see Adj. Cabrit again, having been indisposed for several days.

We took tea "in family," and although it rained hard at night, many stood round the open-air stand some few followed to the hall, while others, who did not dare to venture across the threshold, were Staff-Capt. Creighton was present, and testimonies both English and French intermingled. "Fear God and keep His commandments," was the theme of Staff-Capt. Moore's serious appeal to souls. Thank God two sought the new-born heart, many others being convicted also of its need.

May the walls of unbelief, indifference, and formalism, against which we have to fight, be speedily brought down in this part of God's Kingdom.—E. Hebling (translated).



BARRIE: A Big March.

been laboring with prayer to him to his Cadet Corps for the Training College on behalf of and our prayer with them every day, and at been seen for we are better Bampton.

BONAVIDA: Nine Souls.

taken their in faith, and a glorious of we finished mercy seat, believing for the glory—

BRANDON: Good-Bye, M.

augurs well and hangs heavy burden such into the readiness of with twenty nest, were of was meeting of the spirit, nuch nine ne God bless th for their mot the evening large crowd good crowd, whose godly, mixed, fore bright and in gentleness he with his pay use him, and until the day H. Wilson, W.

BRANTFORD: Moving Picture.

nounced rev day, Feb. 17, good stirring things moving end. Then a



Capt. Bu Paradise So.



C. C. Hodges, Doubling, N.

REPORTS

BARRIE. Sunday was the farewell of Capt. A Big March. Plant. It is with regret that we say good-bye to the Captain, who has been laboring in our midst for some time past, but we pray that God's richest blessings shall go with him to his new appointment. Cadet Wheeler and Cadet Crawford also said good-bye, and are leaving for the Training Home at Toronto. Our locals spoke on behalf of our comrades who are about to leave us, and our prayers are that God's blessings shall be with them continually. We had excellent crowds all day, and at night we had the largest march that had been seen for a long time here. God is with us and we are believing for big times in the future.—Lieut. Boynton.

BONAVISTA. Since the siege started we are having the victory. A number of souls have left the ranks of sin and have taken their stand for God. The soldiers are working in faith, and mean to have the victory. Sunday was a glorious day, commencing with early knee-drill, we finished up late at night with nine souls at the mercy seat, and seven claimed salvation. We are believing for a mighty revival here. To God be all the glory.—W. M.

BRANDON, MAN. Meetings well attended. Good-Bye, McLaughlin. Collections good. A spirit of unity in the corps augurs well for future blessing. A few sore heads and hangovers add unnecessarily to the already heavy burden carried by our dear officers. God lead each into the life of walking in the light. Oh, the readiness of it! Sunday's meetings, commencing with twenty at knee-drill, full of faith and earnestness were of an exceptionally helpful nature. Holiness meeting, when Capt. Taylor spoke of the fruits of the spirit, led many to drink deeper. In the afternoon nine new soldiers of the right sort were enrolled. God bless them. May "Holiness to the Lord" ever be their motto. The devil fears such witnesses. In the evening we had forty-three on the march and a large crowd in the open-air. Inside, hall filled with a good crowd, principally men. Cadet McLaughlin, whose godly sanctified life in our midst will be much missed, farewelled. His testimony was naturally bright and inspiring. We can only say of him, "Thy gentleness has made him great." Dear, dear laddie, with his pawky, winning ways, may God bless and use him, and may the joy of the Lord be his strength until the day of the great heavenly re-union.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

BRANTFORD. Special services on the old battle-ground. Good meetings leading up to Staff Capt. McLan's announced revival services for Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 17th and 18th. Sunday night was a good stirring time. Sunday the Staff-Captain kept things moving all day. Four souls out for the week-end. Then came the moving picture service for the

Monday. This was a grand success. Good crowd; an excellent service given. The Staff-Captain and Envoy Hodges make the moving picture service very interesting. We believe it will be a very great help to our work here in Brantford. We are pushing on. With faith and good works we shall win.—Hallelujah Taylor.

BURK'S FALLS. God is still working in our midst. We are moving on in the right direction, and we are having some glorious times of late. Lieut. Duckworth has farewelled and Capt. and Lieut. Meeks welcomed to our corps. We can report twelve souls since last report. Look out for more. To God we give the glory.—Tours in the war, P. G. M.

CHANNEL. On Feb. 6th we had a visit from Brigadier N. Glover, who conducted a meeting. Much of the Spirit of God was felt, and the building packed full. We should like to have had him with us for a few weeks, but his duties called him to another part of the battlefield. We have just welcomed Lieut. N. Cole, who we believe is a man of God come to fight against sin and the powers of darkness. It may be a hard fight, but he is prepared for it. God bless him. We have good crowds and many have been convicted of sin, and we have every reason to believe for his success in being a winner of souls.—Emanuel Stickland.

CORNWALL. This past week we had a visit from Brigadier Turner, accompanied by Ensign Sheard and Capt. Davis, with nine Cadets, who are on their way to the Training College in Toronto. A large crowd gathered to enjoy the service and were not disappointed. The Cadets spoke of their call from God to the work and expressed their determination to be faithful. May they ever remember that in the great treasury of heaven there is sufficient grace. Ensign Sheard's singing was much enjoyed, also Captain Davis' earnest talk and appeal to the sinners. The Brigadier's Bible lesson was very instructive and convincing. At the close one sinner professed conversion, and two comrades gave themselves fully up to God for service. We have five Corps-Cadets, and more to follow. The soldiers and officers (Ensign and Mrs. Barry) are in for victory.—Interested.

GODERICH. On Feb. 6th we were reinforced by the Clinton band, to celebrate the advent of the electric light being installed in the citadel. A good time was enjoyed by all. Saturday, the 17th, Lieut. Garside received a wire to farewell. Sunday the knee-drill proved the promise true concerning the twos and threes. Our Heavenly Father never disappoints His children. During the Lieutenant's stay of four months she had made many friends. On Tuesday we said good-bye to Lieut. Garside, who dons the red braid and goes to Hespler in charge. May success follow you, Captain.—Robinson Crusoe.

GORE BAY. The work of God is slowly but surely progressing in Gore Bay. Since last report we have started cottage meetings, which are proving a great success. In our second meeting one soul cried to God for pardon, and God saved her. She is progressing favorably, and is praying earnestly for her husband's conversion. Many others are under conviction. We only expected to conduct these services once a week, but up to the present have been compelled to conduct them twice a week, and this week we intend holding three cottage services. May God bless and prosper our efforts.—Happy Henry.

HAMILTON. Lieut. Colonel Friedrich was with us for the week-end to lead his meetings. The Colonel gave a very interesting lecture entitled "The Red Man." It was beautifully illustrated with lantern views of the Army's work amongst the Northwest Indians. A very good crowd attended this meeting. Sunday's meetings were of a very inspiring nature. They were well attended, the night meeting being the best. While the organist was giving some very sweet music the crowd was fast coming in, and by the time the band arrived the barracks was filled. The Colonel's lesson was from Matthew xvi. 25, the subject being, "A short cut to fortune." The Colonel gave a very fine talk, having great liberty, and much conviction was felt in the meeting. Adj. Knight led the prayer meeting, and one young man came to Christ. Thirty souls have sought pardon this last month. We believe the Colonel's visit was much enjoyed, and we say, "Come again, Colonel." We are believing for some mighty revivals in this good city, so look out.—F. L. C. Special Cor.

HANT'S HARBOR. It is a long time since we last reported, but, bless God, we can say that He has been with us and given us victory. On Sunday last we could rejoice over seeing one soul brought from darkness to light. Sunday, Feb. 16th, two more souls came out and knelt at the mercy seat, and there found pardon, for which we give God the glory. We are believing for many more.—C. L. A.

HEART'S DELIGHT. On Sunday afternoon God's Spirit came upon us. We had a beautiful meeting. Two sisters came out and cried for mercy. God heard their cry and pardoned their past. We had an old-time wind-up. Night again found us in a crowded building; some couldn't get in and had to return home. We had one soul at that meeting. The devil worked hard to upset us, but we got there all the same. Our young converts are doing fine. God bless them. We are praying and believing that the salvation of our God shall yet be found in every home in Heart's Delight.—Yours faithfully, fighting for God and souls, Ensign J. England.

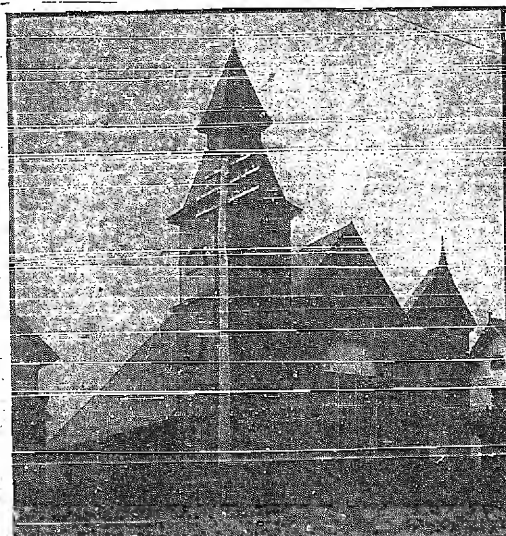
HUNTSVILLE. On Sunday three more precious souls came to Christ after a hard but well-fought prayer meeting. The dear comrades fought like Trojans, and would not give in till someone came to Christ. The Band boys are going also after souls in earnest. God bless them. We have been favored with another visit from our friend, Ensign Bloss, T. F. S., who is always welcome. A good crowd, as usual, attended the meeting and \$11.45 was realized at the door. We are all united in saying "Come again, Ensign." A marvelous lesson was learned from the different pictures of the little boy who had the courage to stand by the truth. More anon.—Adj. W. E. Parsons.



Capt. Summers,
Paradise Sound, Nfld.



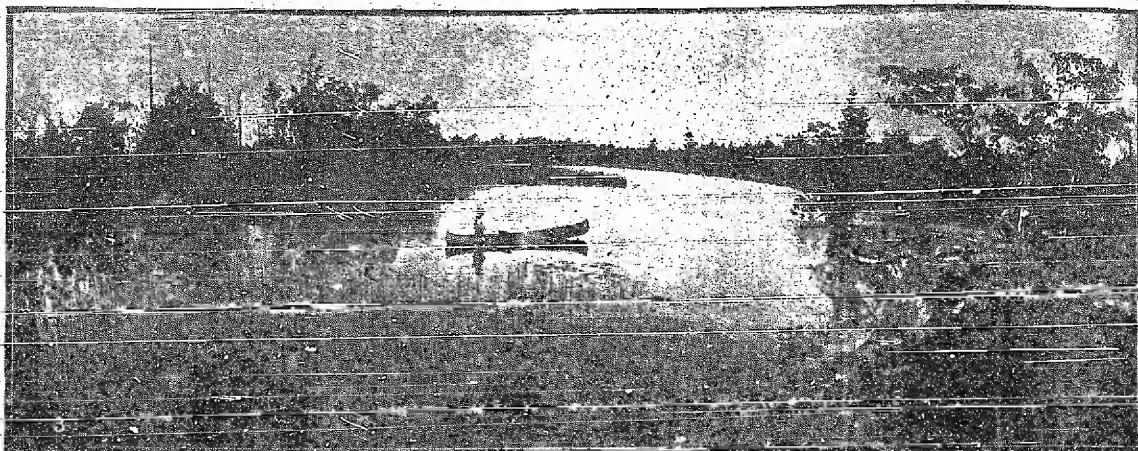
C. G. Hodges, P. S. M.,
Cadets, and Cadet
Perkins, Nelson, B.C.



S. A. Barracks, Midland, Ont.



Cadet Lottie Thompson and Bandwoman Helen
Doherty, Windsor, Ont.



Scene on Lake Couchiching, near Orillia.

LIPPINCOTT. Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin visited the corps during the week, and conducted a salvation meeting. It was enjoyed by all present. Our new Bandmaster, Mr. Cosway, is taking hold well, and under his efficient leadership the band, it is hoped, will make great progress. They are busy getting ready a new band-room, and great schemes are being laid for the extension of the work in this part of the city.—Corps Cor.

LUNENBURG, N.S. We have had the joy of seeing one soul kneeling at the mercy seat seeking pardon for their sins. Our officers, who have worked with us the last nine months, have farewelled, and gone to work in another part of the battalion. Capt. Legge has come to take charge, and we believe God will make him a blessing. We have been favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. Phillips, also Ensign Campbell, with a lantern service, which was well attended. We are praying and working, and we believe victory will come.—E. Sannar.

NANAIMO, B.C. This place has only recently been re-opened, and we praise God for His presence with us. The attendance at meetings is increasing nicely, and the work in general is on the up-grade. Ensign Wilson and Capt. Davidson, who has just donned the red coat, are stationed here, their motto being "God and the war first." Capt. Davey, G. E. M. Agent, has just paid us a visit. His service at Nanaimo, and also at Ladysmith, is a real success; everybody was delighted, and says, "Come again, Captain."—Yours under the colors, Oshakokechy.

NELSON, B.C. Ensign's outpost driven in. Hard the Boer War. fighting all along the line. Four prisoners—three juniors and one young man—all doing well. Faith greatly strengthened. Expecting greater results. Ensign holds strong position, but ammunition is of the best. Capt. Davey, of the G. E. M., with us on Monday. His experiences through the Boer War and how God kept and used him were greatly appreciated by all.—F. F. P.

NEW WESTMINSTER. Pushing forward, winning victories, converts smiling, soldiers shouting. Last Sunday a beautiful day, grand meetings. Special for week. Ensign Holland, of Port Essington; Ensign Bowen, North Victoria, U.S.; Capt. S. Davey, our new G.E.M. Agent, made his presence a great blessing to our souls. Capt. Davey gave us a lantern service entitled "From Workhouse to Mansion," which was both beautiful and profitable. This is the Captain's first trip to the coast, and he was indeed taken with our beautiful summerlike weather, and by the crowded house which greeted him. Our dear leaders, Capt. and Mrs. Sainsbury, have no idle time; they are truly doing their duty, leading meetings, visiting soldiers and friends, jail and hospital, speaking words of cheer to the sick and sorrowing, which I am sure is very much appreciated. God is indeed blessing their earnestness. We are expecting a visit from our D. O., Major Rawling, soon.—Dixie Z.

NORTH BAY. Adj. and Mrs. Mercer have arrived here from the west, and are going in for the salvation of souls. Ensign Ross was around lately with his lantern service, which was much enjoyed, and Capt. McKim has so far recovered her health as to be able to travel to her home in St. John, N.B. They have managed to raise enough to pay the coal bill from a social which was held, and on Sunday Cadet McLaughlin, from Brandon, stopped over on his way to the Training College. The meetings this week resulted in ten souls getting saved.

OWEN SOUND. We have just finished one of Farwell Socials, the most successful entertainments we have had for some time. It was our farewell social to Capt. Porter, also an enrolment of recruits and commissioning of locals for 1906. We had a splendid crowd. All the seating room was taken up and the program went off without a hitch of any kind. We were treated for the first time to some selections from our baby band. They did splendidly and much credit is due to Bandmaster Isles for the fine way he has brought it on. Then we had some solos, a duet, a couple of readings, and we are all very glad to see six new soldiers enrolled. Then we had the commissioning, and Capt. Porter, who leaves shortly for Orangeville, said a few words of farewell. Last of all came the refreshments. We all enjoyed ourselves and left as though we had spent a very profitable evening.—Harold Wallis, Corps-Cadet.

PALMERSTON. Last Sunday good meeting. Paiked the Town Hall. Ings all day, and fourteen on the march at night. We had been looking forward to a good time when our Financial Sp. (Ensign Poole) would come. On Wednesday evening we had a good salvation meeting, and last night the Ensign gave his lantern service entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." It attracted the people's attention so that our Town Hall was packed to the door, and many of them had to stand. The service was very good, and the evil of drink was plainly shown to the people. Everyone seemed well satisfied and some would like to see it again. The proceeds amounted to £22, which will be a good lift to our corps. Friday night Ensign Poole went over to Drayton to give an old-time salvation meeting, and invited the saved Yankee and the saved Englishman and our comrades to go over. We took a lead of fourteen over to help him, and had a nice time.—Yours in the fight, O. A. C. and E. E. T.

PEMBROKE. Adj. Crockett paid a visit to Kept His Promise. His corps recently, and very good meetings were held. One brother held up his hand to be prayed for, but would not yield them. He promised to come on Tuesday night and get right with God. As the meeting on that night was closing as came in and went to the penitential form. A sister followed, and both testified to finding God's salvation.

PETERBORO. During the past two weeks eighteen souls have sought the Saviour for salvation and holiness. Two cottage meetings are held each week, and we believe they are a great help to all who attend. Frequently they are well attended that they cannot all get in one room, and some have to go to other rooms. Various comrades are duly appointed to lead, and great interest is taken in them.—Cambria.

ST. JOHN'S HARBOR. At three o'clock every comrades gathered and prayed down the blessing. At our holiness meeting one brother volunteered for conversion. At night we had a wonderful time, the power of God was keenly felt in our meeting. Ensign Meillon led a real Newfoundland testimony meeting (and this kind is all right). Brigadier Glavens daughter, Estelle, sang very sweetly, "Tell Mother I'll be There," and before the close five souls surrendered. Oh, how they did rejoice when the burden was lifted. This makes a total of twenty-one for the last four nights, thirteen of these being our juniors. We give God all the glory and march on, expecting greater things.—One of the happy ones.

ST. STEPHEN. We welcomed our new officer, Foreign Visitors. Lieut. Clark, five weeks ago. Since he took charge three persons have knelt at the mercy seat for pardon. There is also a marked increase in the attendance at the meetings.

On Monday evening we had a big united musical meeting, with a cake and coffee social at the close. We had with us Capt. Cummings and comrades from Eastport; Capt. and Mrs. Bivans and comrades, from Calais. Capt. and Mrs. Bivans were on British soil for the first time, and received a very hearty welcome from the large audience. Mrs. Bivans (who is a native of Denmark) sang a solo in Danish, which was the hit of the evening and was loudly cheered. The proceeds of the evening were \$12.—W.

SHERBROOKE. We are going in for victory Spoke Over a Coffin. In Sherbrooke. Good meetings all day Sunday, the night meeting being the best for some time and one of great meeting to many. Capt. Penfold spoke over a coffin, talking for his subject, "So thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." The meeting was a solemn one and much affected the hearts and minds of those present. God blessed the efforts, and three precious souls sought and found Christ. Monday night Capt. Penfold and five soldiers went to the Reformatory and had a good meeting there. Lieut. Lawrence has arrived and we are going in for God and souls.—Alfred Broadbent.

SPRINGHILL MINES. Visit of Lieut.-Col. Sharp and Adj. Cave for the week-end. The Colonel gave us an illustrated lecture on England, Scotland, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. It was very enjoyable. Big crowds all day on Sunday. In the afternoon the Colonel promoted Lieut. Emery to the rank of Captain, which came as a great surprise. God bless the Captain. May he go on to do mighty things for God. Band and soldiers worked hard. Great farewell meeting of Sister Melville for the Training College. May the Lord inspire her to go on to do her Master's will.—Yours for Jesus, Sister Hyslop.

TEMPLE. Splendid meetings all day Sunday and five souls at night. Cadets Kelly and Williams farewelled for the Training College. They each gave a farewell address and impressed everyone with the importance of spending one's life in useful service for God.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Thursday, welcome of McCaffrey. Meeting led by Capt. Burgess and Lieut. McCaffrey. We are in for victory under the leadership of our officers. Saturday night two found Jesus mighty to save. Although one was in drink, God can save the drunkard. Sunday, farewell of Cand. Ben Bourne, who read God's Word. Much conviction, one dear woman coming to Jesus Christ for salvation before we went to the open-air at night, and another young man at the close of the meeting. To God be all the glory.—Burgess and McCaffrey, Secretary.

WINDSOR, N.S. Since our last report God has One Soul a Day, been pouring out His Holy Spirit upon us. Some precious souls have surrendered during the past week. Trade Special, Capt. W. White, has been with us, also Ensign Campbell, with a very interesting lantern service entitled "The Way to Heaven," which was very nice. The 17th, 18th, and 19th of February will not soon be forgotten by the people of Windsor. We had with us the brass and string band of Halifax I., with our District Officer, Adj. Wiggins, in command. On Saturday night they gave us a musical demonstration. Bandmaster Hustler's cornet solo, Miss Hustler's guitar solo, and the piano solo by Sgt. Ethel Stewart, were much enjoyed. All the troupe did well. The electric club-awing was splendid. The Saved Dutchman caught on well, and gave a proper blood-and-fire testimony to the saving and keeping power of God. Special meetings all day Sunday, conducted by Staff-Capt. Creighton and Adj. Wiggins, assisted by the band. 7 a.m., a good

turnout at knee was a time of p old-fashioned m meeting was at time. Fully 500 were standing, o gain admittance was thoroughly hand will soon welcome awaits was excellent talk on the Inn We might say barracks, and we again, also the face we are alw put forth every case in the way pointed, as every with the special win.—Yours to

VANCOUVER,

Tuesday night with Major Raw meeting, and we to do something again. Major, a evening we had Mercy Sergt. M sisters did real to do the meeti will do the best best, and your them. On Frida the G. B. M. man and enjoy his s Workhouse to M work is on the quarter \$24.31, of my box-holn nger's box, in blind, \$2.54 being no doubt Sydney As it is \$9.05 and Mrs. Trickle place, and are do nesa to the T.V.

WETASKIEWIN Bring Them Out

both sinners and still many are has made us a welcome to Wet the Holy Spirit, go to bring them high for many Fall fair every away. Finances Lieut. Harris.

Ensign Ca

From Windsor obtained to stop make connectio ing, and afterw quarters under giving some m asked to be pr I arrived in Syd in the special was having, whi live.

At Reserve M officers here fin brave hearts and Glaze Bay, I Mrs. Carter hav charge of the w attended, \$17.20 Sunday meetings the holiness mee noon volunteers The hall was cr Adjutant had to The meeting wa was manifested, the Glaze Bay be here did magni side sum of \$8.0 \$2.70, making \$1 New Aberdeen Interest work and the result Glaze Bay, \$18.3 Louisburg, Ca here, and had the which was enj for it. Dominion, Ca Although the nig a good crowd ca Sydney. The quest I will give the Cape; but I of my box-holn nger's box, in blind, \$2.54 being no doubt Sydney As it is \$9.05 and Mrs. Trickle place, and are do nesa to the T.V.

harvest of time-dwell. Holiness meeting at 11 a.m. was a time of power. Sunday afternoon we had an old-fashioned free-and-easy. Sunday night the meeting was started half an hour before the usual time. Fully 500 people packed into the hall; many were standing, others turned away, as they could not gain admittance. The music, singing, and speaking was thoroughly appreciated, and we trust that the band will soon come and visit us again, as a warm welcome awaits them. The income for the week-end was excellent. Staff-Capt. Creighton gave us a talk on the Immigration Scheme on Monday night. We might say that the Staff-Captain opened this barracks, and we were all glad to have him with us again, also the D. O. Adj. Wiggins, whose familiar face we are always glad to see. The Ensign, who put forth every effort to make the meetings a success in the way of announcing, etc., was not disappointed, as everything was satisfactory in connection with the special time. We are pressing forward to win—Yours to help, A. Soldier.

VANCOUVER, B.C. We have been having quite a lot of specials lately. Last Tuesday night we had a special soldiers' meeting, with Major Hawling in charge. We all enjoyed the meeting, and went away more determined than ever to do something for the Master. We all say, "Come again, Major, and come quickly." On Thursday evening we had a soldiers' meeting, with League of Mercy Sergt.-Major Mrs. Keeney in charge. The sisters did real well, but as the brothers are going to do the meeting next Thursday we shall see who will do the best. Some say that the sisters do the best, and your humble correspondent agrees with them. On Friday night we had with us Capt. Davey, the G. B. M. man. We were all very glad to see him again, and enjoy his stereoscopic service, entitled "From Workhouse to Mansion," very much. The G. B. M. work is on the up-grade. The boxes brought in last quarter \$24.81, and we are believing for better results in the future. The Captain had charge of the meetings all day Sunday. We had a very good day. God is blessing us wonderfully, and we are going in for victory. Keep your eye on Vancouver, and you will see something doing, according to all reports.—The Fighting Parson.

WETASKIEWIN. We rejoice to say the Lord of Hosts is working in our midst. As the salvation wave is flowing, both sinners and backsliders are coming home, and still many are convicted. Our D. O. Adj. Byers, made us a visit again. He always has a hearty welcome to Wetaskiewin. Soldiers are filled with the Holy Spirit, and seeing souls in the path of sin, go to bring them to the mercy seat. Our spirits are high for many more, and victory is on our side. Still full every night; some nights many turned away. Finances good. Still our cry is for souls.—Lieut. Harris.

T. S. Notes.

Ensign Campbell's Travels in the East.

From Windsor I started for Cape Breton, but was obliged to stop over at Tyro, as the train did not make connections. Here we had a nice little meeting, and afterwards a young man came into the quarters under the influence of drink, and after giving some money to the officers for the work, asked to be married. He and I, and a friend, went to the Sydney. A little later, but in time to take in the special service, Ensign Trickey was having, which was both impressive and instructive.

At Reserve Mines I had my first service. The officers here find things a little hard, but are keeping brave hearts and had things nice for me. Glace Bay. I spent the week-end here. Adj. and Mrs. Carter have done well since they have taken charge of the work. The lantern service was well attended, \$17.20 being the amount taken in. The Sunday meetings were good. Two came forward in the holiness meeting and one little boy in the afternoon volunteered out in the face of a large crowd. The hall was crowded to the doors at night, and the Adjutant had to give orders not to admit any more. The meeting was interesting and much conviction was manifested, but no one yielded. The playing of the Glace Bay band is something grand. My Agents here did magnificently. Mrs. Sanderson raised the nice sum of \$8.55 in her boxes, and Mrs. McAuley \$8.70, making \$17.25 for Glace Bay.

New Aberdeen. Capt. Jones, as usual, has the interest worked up in grand shape for the service, and the result was that we did even better than Glace Bay, \$18.30 being the amount taken.

Louisburg. Capt. Nothing is all about in her glory here, and had things in good shape for my service, which was enjoyed by the nice crowd who came out for it.

Dominion. Capt. March is doing well in this place. Although the night was wet and the mud was deep, a good crowd came to the service.

Sydney. The night was very stormy, and by request I will give another service here before I leave the Cape, but I must make special mention of two of my box-holders here. Mr. J. J. Turnbull's, the Sydney drug store, contained \$2.88, and Mr. Hen. Tiger's box, in his fruit store, was only a little behind, \$2.14 being the amount. If I had an agent here no doubt Sydney would do the best in the Province. As it is \$9.95 was taken out of the boxes. Ensign and Mrs. Trickey have a splendid hold upon this place, and are doing well in every way. Their kindness to the D. O. M. is much appreciated.



AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS' SERVICE.

We are extremely sorry to have to chronicle the death of our comrade, the beloved wife of Brother Neil McLaren (nee Bezie Pettis). Our glorified comrade was converted under Major Cooper (better known as "Happy Bill") in the S. A. barracks, Parrishboro, N.E. Dec. 14th, 1889, and the following February was enrolled as a soldier of the corps and commenced meeting in the ranks for God and souls. She was transferred to the New Glasgow corps in August, 1898; was married to Brother Neil McLaren, March 25th, 1900. We had predicted for her a useful life of service in the Salvation Army, but it was of a short duration. We were about to celebrate the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when the chariot lowered, and on the night of Dec. 21st, 1905, Sister Mrs. McLaren passed away into the eternal land, where sorrow and death are unknown and all tears are wiped away. Our profound sympathy goes out to Bro. McLaren and his two wee lambs in this sad bereavement. We therefore pray that God will be their Comforter.

On Sunday Dec. 24th, 1905, a short service was conducted at the residence of the deceased, then we marched en route for the Citadel, where a very impressive service was conducted by Adj. Cooper, the hall being thronged by sympathizers. In the River Side Cemetery we laid the remains of our sister to rest until the morning.



Brother and Sister Neil McLaren, New Glasgow, N.S.
Mrs. McLaren has been promoted to Glory.

At the memorial service God's presence was much felt, as one and another of the comrades talked of the blessing and help our promoted comrade was to them. Although we saw no visible results, we believe that many souls were helped and blessed.—George Smith, Sergt.-Major.

SIX YEARS A SOLDIER.

Sanavista. The link which binds us on earth has been broken, and another of our soldiers has been called to join the heavenly throng.

Our comrade, Gertie Little, was a faithful soldier. Converted at the age of fifteen, she fought for almost six years. Her life could be spoken of as a faithful one, and her death triumphant.

At the funeral her suffering, she possessed a calm and quiet spirit, as only a follower of Jesus could possess, knowing that all was well. Her thoughts seemed to dwell on her heavenly home.

On Thursday, Feb. 8th, her remains were laid to rest: she was given a real Army funeral.

At night ten converts took their stand as soldiers, six of whom were volunteers.

At the memorial service on Sunday night the building was packed, Ensign Oxford taking for his text Is. lxxv. 6, "We do all fade as a leaf. As soon as the prayer meeting began and an invitation was given, one young man at the back of the hall pressed his way through the crowd and came to the pentent the greatest desire of our deceased comrade that her death should mean life to those in sin.

She leaves a father, mother, and brother. Much sympathy has been felt for them, as she was their only girl. They are cheered with the hope that only a little while and they shall meet again.—Lieut. Susie Caves.

IN MEMORIAM.

Composed by BRIGADIER COLLIER on the Death of His Father.

February 10th, 1906.

Gone, a little while before us,
To the city of pure gold.
Gathered by the Tender Shepherd
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Gone, where pain can never enter,
And where people grow not old,
Where unknown is death and sickness,
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Gone, to be with Christ for ever,
He, whose love can ne'er be told,
Him he served and now is with Him,
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Good-bye, father, we will meet you
On the streets of abiding gold,
When at last we all are sheltered
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Our Mail Bag.

We think a great deal of your Commissioner, and, of course, we think our Commander is "just right." I am glad to tell you that God is blessing us here in Rochester. We had a wonderful meeting last Sunday night, with seven souls out for salvation. Mrs. Helft and children are well. Love to all old comrades.—W. H. Helft, Adj.

We are still, by God's help, getting along well in every way. Although for the past two weeks we have had very severe weather; it has for that time registered from 40 to 68 below zero, to-day it is 63 below. Of course, when it is so cold we cannot stand open-air meetings, as the frost would freeze our lunks. It is not so easy to do so much visiting when so cold, but up till the present two weeks the winter has been exceptionally mild, when we have usually done from twenty-five to thirty hours' visiting each week, and in this way we come in contact with quite a few people. The only fault the people have to find is that we do not visit them often enough, as we are the only ones, they say, who say anything about God or goodness to them. You know this country contains an awful lot of people who have at one time professed to be Christians, but love for gold has weaned them from Jesus.—Capt. Andrews, Bonanza, Y.T.

My Dear Colonel—

Just a line for the dear old War Cry to let old comrades know of our whereabouts. Our stay in Denver was rather short. The climate of Colorado is all right, but Denver itself is rather smoky for me. We are now in Phoenix, the Capital of Arizona. Oh, what a change to what we have been used to in the past sixteen years! On Feb. 8rd, just think, without any fire in the stove, we had to raise the windows, it was so hot. On Sunday, Feb. 4th, both doors of the hall were open. How is that for the "good old summertime"? I am not any better yet. I guess my case is too chronic. We are having the victory. Had a meeting at the Government Indian School yesterday. Six hundred young men and young women present, all Indiana.—Staff-Capt. Ayre.

The Seven Senses of Faith.

By J. W. Whitney, Lieut.

Tune—There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

Faith is the hand that simply takes
Whatever the Lord extends,
And grips the promises, on which
Our keeping it depends.

Faith is the foot that dares to step
Into the dark with God,
Content to walk with Him where'er
His blessed Son has trod.

Faith is the eye that sees the bow
Set in the darkest sky,
That looks to Christ with thankful heart,
And never murmurs, "Why?"

Faith is the human spirit's ear,
So quickened from the fall
As to discern the Shepherd's voice
From every hireling's call.

Faith is the quickened will of soul
That knows the Saviour's power,
And lifts to meet the heavenly touch
It is the heart of prayer.

Faith is the scent of human lives
Filled with perfect love,
And is acute to savor all
Beneath, or from above.

Faith is that sense of soul
That links us to the Lord,
And lives with His very life,
Through His unchanging word.

WAR CRY BOOMERS HONOR ROLL

Your Uncle Josh.

Eastern Province,
: 96 Boomers.

Capt. Vandyke, Glasgow, 1892; Lieut. James, New
 Aberdeen, 85; Capt. James, Glasgow, 1891; Lieut.
 Taylor, Carlisle, 58; Lieut. James, Glasgow, 1891; Lieut.
 Speck, Fredericton, 7; Sister I. Hopper, Halifax 15;
 75; Capt. Newell, Amherst, 75; Ensign B. Green, Am-
 herst, 75; Lieut. McE-
 Ensign Currier, Glace-
 George's, 60; Capt. in
 George's, 60; Capt. D-
 novan, St. George's, 60; Mrs.
 Capt. Brace, St. John, 40;
 Ensign Cornwall, 60;
 Ensign, Halifax, 60; M. Lyons, Fredericton, 60;
 Ensign Piercy, St. Joh-
 n, 60; Alice Watte, St. J-
 on, 60; Appolpis, 55; Ensign
 Long, Yarmouth, 55;
 50 Copies.—Lieut. S-
 Andrews, Hillsboro: E-
 McCay, Halifax 17; Lieut.
 McMaster, Reserve; Lieut. Crowell, Inverness; J. S.
 S. M. Phillips, Somerset; Serjt. Wilkie, Capt. Legge,
 Lunenburg; Capt. Reeves, Moncton; Capt. Hargrave, S-
 Clark's Harbor; Ensign Trickett; Maggie, LEAR-
 Capt. in New Aberdeen; Capt. Grant,
 Bridgetown; Capt. Glen, Capt. Hamilton, Parrarob;
 Lieut. Lee, St. John; Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton;
 Capt. McLeod, Chatham; E. Worth, B. Large, Char-
 lotte-town; Capt. James, Lieut. Dingle, Sackville; L.
 Lynch, New Glasgow; Sister Kean, Halifax; Lieut.
 Stairs, Bridgetown; Capt. Willar, Gertie Melkie,
 Londonderry; Ensign Clark, Windsor; Mrs. Cam-
 pbell, Thuro; Sister Donovan, Fredericton; Capt. B-
 Dakin, Mrs. Capt. Dakin, Newmarket; Capt. Biglow,
 North Head; Lieut. Dingle, Capt. Cobb, Sussex;
 St. John I. Ida Bunnell, Sydney;
 Serjt. Hatfield, Parrarob; Lieut. Day, Capt. Wyde,
 Digby; Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Halifax; Lieut. Fallis-
 son, St. John V.

West Ontario Province.
46 Boomers.

Mrs. S. M. Mrs. Ward, London	200
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford	200
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	140
Adit. Kendall, Brantford	140
Capt. Matlier, Wallaceburg	135
Eva Norman, Windsor	90
Edith Charnock, Godfrey	135
Mrs. Corp. Sasse, Essex	105
Lieut. Stubbs, Hespler	105
Mrs. Adjt. Walker, St. Thomas	100
Lieut. Waldron, Tillamook	60
Capt. E. Pattenden, Essex	100
Capt. L. Patenden, Essex	90
Burns, Sgt. Capt. Horwood, Sault Ste. Marie	80
Winn, Galt	75
Sgt. Major, Galt	90
Mrs. Capt. Galt	90
Sgt. Major, Sgt. Capt. Fector, Norwich	90

North-West Province.



**Capt. and Mrs. Feenacy
and Baby May
Ingersoll, Ont.**

Capt. and Mrs. Fennacy
and Baby May
Ingersoll, Ont.

50 Copies.—Uncle Dan, Neepawa; Capt. Keeler, Lieut. Dillabough, Kenora; Capt. Pearce, Cadet Young, Regina; Lieut. Coleman, Carman; Lieut. Rankin, Carberry; Adj. Byers, Ensign Kaine, Calgary; Lieut. Elliott, Saskatoon.

New Ontario Division,

Mrs. Ensign Leadley, Lindsay	100
Mrs. Capt. Wadge, Brainerd	100
P. S.-M. Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	100
Mrs. Capt. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 75; Captain Whales, Meaford, 70; Capt. Dauberville, New Id- lehard, 58; Ensign McCann, New Idalehard, 57; Capt.	

British Columbia and Yukon 31-11

13 Boomers.

Sister Maggie Wright, Victoria 165

Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 90; Mrs. Capt. Raynton, Nelson, 85; Capt. H. Allen, Rossland, 78; Cand. Perkins, Nelson, 75; Capt. Travis, Fernie, 75; Lieut. Rickard, Fernie, 75; Sister Nilsson, Vancouver, 68;

erson. Revelstoke.

Newfoundland Province.	
3 Boomers.	
Serget. Pynn, St. John's I.	177
Cadet Coyell, St. John's II.	120
Cadet Suckland, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.	103
Serget. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55; S.-M. Whitten, St. John's I., 46; Cadet Bauld, St. John's II., 40; Capt. Jones, St. John's II., 25.	

"Do you wonder that I love the War Cry?"

The Press.

WAS HALTED BY PRAYER.

PATENT MEDICINE.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION
DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

present the least objectionable mechanism which causes the emission of heat radiations.

Ensign Campbell, -Annapolis, Tues., March 14; Sackville, Wed., March 14; Ellsboro, Thurs., March 15; Moncton, Fri., March 18; Campbellton, Sat., March 19; Mon., March 17, 18, 19; Newcastle, Tues., March 20; Chatham, Wed., Thurs., March 21, 22; Fredericton, Fri., March 23; Woodstock, Sat., Sun., March 24, 25; St. Stephen, Mon., March 26; North Head, Tues., March 27; Sun., March 28 to April 1; Sussex, Mon., April 2; John I., Tues., April 3; St. John V., Wed., April 4.



SONGS OF THE WEEK.

SELECTED BY Mrs. John Tynes,
New Westminster, B.C.

Competition Set, No. 12.

GIVE ME THE FAITH!

Tune.—Stella (N.B.B. 120).

1 Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountains to a plain;
Give me the childlike, praying love
Which longs to hush Thy house again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.
I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known.
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.
Enlarge, enflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a real like Thine,
And lead them to Thy open side—
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

IN THEE IS REFUGE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 163.

2 Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping
Midst the angry billows' roll.
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control.
In the past too unbelieving
Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
Oh, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near;
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat nor fear.

FREE AND EASY.

Tune.—T. 1 Them All to Meet There.

3 We're on our way to Glory,
That land so bright and fair,
And when we're safely anchored,
Say, shall we meet you there?
We'll wear a palm of victory,
We'll wear a crown of gold,
We'll sing His praise for ever then,
Whose love can never be told.
Chorus.
Oh, tell them all to meet there,
Tell them all to come;
We shall have a happy time
When we arrive at home;
We will march together,
We will join the band,
We will praise our Saviour
In that happy, happy land.
The way to heaven was opened
By Christ upon the cross,
There He became our ransom,
For us He suffered loss.

A free and full salvation
Is offered now to all;
Then seek this Pearl so priceless,
And obey His gracious call.

You've loved ones safely landed,
Upon that heavenly shore;
You've promised you would meet them
When all life's storms are o'er.
Say, are you steering onward
To meet them over there?
Or are you drifting downward
To regions of despair?

MY SOUL IS NOW UNITED.

Tune.—N.B.B. 101.

4 My soul is now united to Christ, the living Vine;
His grace I long have slighted, but now I feel
His mine.
I was to God a stranger till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin.
Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God;
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His blood applied,
And I shall go to heaven, if I in Christ abide.

By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way
pursue,
Nor shall I be confounded, with glory in my view.
Still Christ is my salvation; what can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's wrath is o'er.

JESUS IS MY LIGHT.

5 Why should life a weary journey seem?
Jesus is my light and song!
Why should I the cross a burden deem?
Jesus is my light and song!
All the way is marked by love divine,
Around my path the rays of glory shine;
Christ Himself companion is of mine,
Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song;
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him with my might,
Jesus is my light and song!

What though foes at every hand I meet?
Jesus is my light and song!
What though snares are ready for my feet?
Jesus is my light and song!
Christ Himself was first to lead the way,
He was first to battle in the fray,
Now on Him my every hope I stow,
Jesus is my light and song!

When my feet shall reach the open door,
Jesus is my light and song!
When my pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
Jesus is my light and song!
This my song through countless years shall be;
Love for Him Who set the prisoner free!
Love for Him Who purchased life for me!
Jesus is my light and song!

SALVATION.

Tune.—Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

6 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange, expiring cry?
Sinner, He prays for you and me.
Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive,
They know not that by Me they live.

Thou hast died, my Father,
Thee, by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life, I pray
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And wash my face with them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

7 The Lord is coming by-and-by,
Be ready when He comes!
He comes from His fair home on high,
Be ready when He comes!
He is the Lord, our righteousness,
He comes His chosen ones to bless,
And at His Father's throne confess,
Be ready when He comes!

Chorus.

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?
When He comes!
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?
When He comes!
Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,
Be it morning, noon, or night?
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

He soon will come to earth again,
Be ready when He comes!
Begin His universal reign,
Be ready when He comes!
With hallelujahs heaven will ring,
When Jesus does redemption bring;
Oh, trim your lamps to meet your King,
Be ready when He comes!

Behold, He comes to one and all,
Be ready when He comes!
And soon we'll hear the trumpet call,
Be ready when He comes!
To judgment called at His command,
From every clime, from every land,
Before His throne we all must stand,
Be ready when He comes!

SOLO.

Tune.—Tell Me the Old, Old Story; or, What are the
Wild Waves Saying?

8 What is the Spirit saying?
It tells of gifts unused,
Of days of sinful pleasure,
Of Christ's great love abused.
What is the thought that thrills thee?
Thy heart is pierced with pain,
It is remorse that fills thee
As conscience speaks again.

Chorus.

List to the Spirit saying,
This is the hour for praying,
This is the time for laying
Your burdens at the cross.

What is the Spirit saying?
Oh, list, and heed what he says;
Those chances dead and buried
In judgment will appear.
Swiftly the time is flying,
For ceaseless is its flight,
Thy soul in sin is dying,
For want of God's own light.

What is the Spirit saying?
'Tis leaving this at last,
It tells thee of God's goodness,
His mercy in the past.
The Spirit asks, thus clearly,
With God to end this strife,
Come while the Lord is near thee,
Let Him control thy life.

Vote for the Best Selection of Songs

COUPON

In my judgment Set No., selected by

contained the best number of Songs suitable for a week's meetings

Signed

Corps

Cut this out and Mail to the Editor, 25 Albert St., Toronto.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin—
London Easter Saturday, Sunday and Monday
Brigadier Southall—
St. Catharines March 24, 25
Petrolia Easter Saturday and Sunday
Ensign Owen and Capt. DeBow—
Midland March 24, 25

TOUR OF STAFF CAPT. McLEAN.

Medicine Hat, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18; Weas-
kewin, Tues., March 20; Edmonton, Wed., March 21;
Strathcona, Thurs., March 22; Calgary, Fri., Sat.,
Sun., March 23, 24, 25; Lethbridge, Tues., March 26;
Medicine Hat, Wed., March 27; Moose Jaw, Thurs.,
March 28; Saskatoon, Fri., March 29; Prince Albert,
Sun., Mon., April 1, 2; Regina, Tues., April 3; Braun-
don, Wed., April 4; Carberry, Thurs., April 5.